MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

YELLOW CLOVER.—HAWTHORN.

Some of our readers will no doubt remember a few brief notes in the Rural of August 17th, in response to an inquiry accompanying a specimen of yellow clover, sent us for name by a subscriber in Kingsborough, New York. It appeared in the meadows in that section some twelve years ago, and since that time has increased so rapidly as to be "found in large quantities in both meadows and pastures. Some of the old farmers call it a weed, while others believe it to be French clover." After giving the name and that of another variety, both of which have become naturalized in this country from Europe, we observed that neither are of any special value for the farmer. This has called out a response from Enoch Williams, of Niagara county, who was acquainted with some of the yellow clovers in England many years ago, and who has before called our attention to their gradual dissemination over the country.

Editors Rural New-Yorker:—In a late number of the Rural, in answering an inquiry respecting the Yellow Flowered Clover, you state that both varieties are worthless. The variety bearing seeds somewhat similar in manner to the white or red clover, I have never seen cultivated; but that known in England as Black Seed, deserves a better character than that which you have given it. The seed grows in clusters of small black pods, each pod containing a single seed, the pods or husks being usually removed by a milling process; hence it is called "black seed," and "milled seed."

As broad (leaf) or red clover sometimes fails, the yellow clover is sown with the red, and in 1817 or 1818 I saw on my father's farm a piece of almost exclusively yellow clover, which was estimated at over two tons (2240 lbs. each,) of hay to the acre, and was cut May 31st.

As to its European origin, permit me to say that I saw it first in this country about ten years ago, near the Niagara river, at Lewiston, in this county. I also found it on Bergen Heights, New Jersey, and at Haverstraw, on the bank of the Hudson. On Staten Island a fine piece of grass, ready for the scythe, which I walked over in 1860, was plentifully interspersed with yellow clover of a very luxuriant growth.

In your issue of the 5th inst., your correspondent at Skaneatelas has written some good things about Hawthorn Hedges. I also have had some experience, going back nearly fifty years, and had for some years under my charge about six miles of hawthorn hedge; some recently planted, but much at least fifty if not many years older; but no part of this was ever *plashed.*

In 1811, an act of the British Parliament authorized the inclosing of waste lands, and gave facilities for exchanging lands which were much intermixed, and this involved the necessity for much new fence. The then recently planted hedges had two rows about eight inches apart, and the plants about six inches in the row, standing thus: * * * * * *

From the teachings of experienced men in my youth, and my own observation, the secrets of growing a hedge are:

1st. A dry, well prepared soil, as good as any nursery bed.

2d. Healthy young plants, set out with care.

3d. Complete protection from cattle, hogs, &c., and good cultivation with spade or hoe—of course no weeds being allowed to grow.

4th. Judicious trimming, commencing when the plants have taken a start, terminating in a point or edge, as shown in figure 1.

A hedge cut thus, will be thick at the bottom, and the plants being so near, either in a double or single row, will soon be hog-proof.

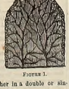

Figure 1.

Plashing introduces dead wood in consequence of cutting the straight growing plants three-fourths off, in order to lay them. I think I saw, two years ago, in your city, a plashed hedge.

I believe the greatest trouble, or objection to the Hawthorn, is its vigorous growth, being much more vigorous here than in England. I have looked for a good field hedge in half the counties of this State, in New Jersey, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Canada West, but have not found one.

Enoch Williams.

Coomer, Niagara Co., N. Y., Oct. 7, 1861.

Some fine species of yellow clover are cultivated to some extent in Europe, though but two are considered of any agricultural value in England. *Trifolium procumbens* and *T. filiforme;* and even these are not highly prized, except for land so poor as to be unable to bear a crop of the better clovers and grasses. Mr. Gorrie, of Mid Lothian, writes, *T. procumbens* is of very little agricultural value, although common throughout Great Britain, in poor, dry, gravelly and rocky soils. It is very liable to mildew, which often gives it an unsightly appearance early in the season, and at best it ripens its seeds and becomes withered up about the end of June." Of *T. filiforme* he says: "This is a common species on dry, gravelly and stony places. It has been recommended for growing on such places as it naturally frequents, and which are incapable of supporting the more valuable grasses and clovers." George Bentham, Esq., writes in the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture:* "*T. procumbens* is the larger plant and more generally cultivated, affording excellent forage, though limited in quantity."

We rather think, from the description given by our correspondent, that the plant he refers to, and which yielded so well, was not a yellow clover, but *Medicago lupulina*, or Black Medick, which from some resemblance in the flowers is often confounded with it, even in England, but is really a much better plant for forage. It is a fibrous rooted perennial, common in good loamy pastures, where it forms, with other plants, a thick sward. The pods are short, black, twisted and arranged in oblong heads. We shall be obliged to any of our readers who will send us specimens for examination.

The remarks on the subject of Hedges, in the main, are timely and truthful. We cannot say we have never seen a good hedge in this country, but we have seen a hundred poor, miserable things for every tolerably good one. Indeed, we can now call to mind but two that we consider respectable. Perhaps our climate is not favorable, but the greatest difficulty is with the people. We are too careless and too impatient. We hear much said of the ease of making a hedge in England, but we can assure our readers that with such care as we generally give our hedges, a good one would never be made in that country. There the hedge when young is cultivated more thoroughly than we cultivate our corn or potatoes, while the pruning is regular and systematic, and such at every stage as experience has proved to be the best.

Plashing we have always believed should be resorted to only for remedying bad early training, or accidental damage, and not as a system to be recommended. When a hedge is made of suitable plants and properly set and cared for, plashing will be unnecessary. The form recommended by our correspondent is better than the straight wall which we sometimes see, but the best form is that shown in the engraving, fig. 2, on a regular slope from the ground to the top.

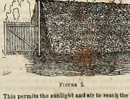

Figure 2.

This permits the sunlight and air to reach the lower branches, and secures a strong, robust growth, and a good base, without which there can be no hedge worthy of the name. If the hedge is straight, the lower leaves are so much shaded that they assume an unhealthy hue, and many drop off; the branches in consequence are slender, and the hedge soon becomes a laughing stock for all the unruly dogs and stray hogs in the neighborhood.

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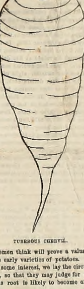
THE POTATO CROP.

The warm wet weather of the past few weeks has produced symptoms of the rot, and in low grounds we observe much loss. How general or serious this will be we cannot at present say, as digging in this section has only commenced. But, whatever may be the extent of the rot, the crop will be light and the tubers unusually small. This is occasioned by a disease or blight which commenced on the edges of the leaves, turning them black, and progressing slowly and steadily until the plant became nearly or quite leafless. This at first checked and finally stopped entirely the growth of the potatoes. We first noticed the disease the latter part of June on early varieties, and since that time we have scarcely seen a field that was not more or less affected. Varieties, such as the Peach Blow, that usually keep green until frost, have been dead for some time, and if the weather had been favorable, a large portion of the crop would now be secured. An examination shows that the tubers have attained to only about one-half, or at best two-thirds their usual size, which not only decreases the number of bushels, but the number of salable potatoes in a still greater ratio. We saw the product of an acre of Peach Blows measured that yielded only forty-eight bushels, yet in June they gave promise of a large crop.

The many failures with the potato of late, has given rise to various speculations in regard to a substitute, but we imagine it will be a long time before anything will be found to fill the place of this valuable esculent. We have just received a letter and circular, from Vilmorin & Co., of Paris, introducing to our notice the *Tuberous Chervil,* which these gentlemen think will prove a valuable substitute for the early varieties of potatoes. As this is a matter of some interest, we lay the circular before our readers, so that they may judge for themselves whether this root is likely to become of practical importance.



TUBEROUS CHERVIL.

"Tuberous Chervil—*Chærophyllum bulbosum.*—If we still insist in proposing the tuberous chervil, it is because the malady with which potatoes are affected, especially the early varieties, gives to this root a new importance. Indeed, this vegetable is one of the best among those of recent introduction; it recommends itself by its farinaceous qualities and its savor, which is of the taste of the chestnut and of the potato; and by its productiveness, which is very great, since it is about 1100 bushels per acre.

"Another merit of the tuberous chervil is that it is good to eat early. By the end of June the roots are formed, and they keep well to the following April. They are cooked in the same fashion as the potato, and, like it, they are capable of a great variety of culinary preparations. Annexed, we give a cut intended to show its form and dimensions.

"The culture of it is very simple. It is sown in September or October, either in rows or broadcast, in the same manner as the carrot, taking care to press down lightly the soil after sowing. However, we will remark that, contrary to the potato, which delights in light and dry soils, the tuberous chervil prefers a fresh earth, more wet than dry, and its fertility should be increased by previous preparatory cultivation and an application of well rotted manure. If we sow later than the period mentioned above, we should employ seed preserved in layers of soil or moist land, to facilitate its germination. Without this preparation, there is risk that the seed will not grow until the following season.

"The harvesting of the tuberous chervil is commonly done in July, and the roots are preserved like potatoes, taking care to move them from time to time to keep them from decaying."

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WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE IOWA STATE FAIR.

The writer reached Iowa City the second day of the fair, in the midst of a driving rain storm. But little had been done the day previous beside making entries and receiving and arranging articles for exhibition. In the afternoon of the second day the rain was withheld, and the work of committees commenced. The grounds are high and sandy, and soon dried so as to be comparatively comfortable. But about 150 or 200 visitors were on the ground the second day. Secretary Wallace informed me that the number of entries was larger than at any previous fair of the society, except that of last year. It was believed that had the weather been good the morning of the second day, a larger number of articles would have been exhibited. A glance at the different departments of the exhibition made the following impressions:

THE CATTLE HERDS.

In the Cattle department the show of Devons was large, and embraced many fine animals. There were, however, but two or three herds that came in competition—Bent's, Kimball's and Washbon's. I find that Devons are highly regarded here, and are growing in favor as a breed adapted to this climate and these extended prairie ranges. It is not a little significant that in the sweep-stakes, the premium offered for the "best bull of all breeds" was given to the only Devon bull entered—he competing with a half score of Short-horns, many of which were excellent animals. In the judgment of the writer, however, this bull merited the premium. It was given the fine three-years-old bull "Victor," got by "Meguntícook," and bred by F. Kimball of Iowa City. There were some fine Short-horns here, both males and females, and there were grades of all sorts and conditions.

SWINE OF ALL SORTS.

The show of Swine was large, embracing Suffolks, Chester Whites, the Magee breed, Yorkshires, &c., &c. I find that the larger breeds are liked best here, and most sought after. The Magee hog—so named because they combine the effort and improvements of Magee of Ohio, during a long series of years—is in great favor among the swine herds of the Hawkeye State. They are a long-bodied, rather long-limbed animal, with plenty of hair, (black and white,) and "meat up," when fed, rapidly and well, at all points where flesh ought to be deposited on a model hog. It is claimed that with the same feed more pork can be made from them than with any other breed. The Chester Whites on exhibition were receiving a good deal of attention. L. L. Smith of Poweshiek Co., and W. H. Furman of Linn Co., exhibited the finest animals of this breed. The former was selling pigs seven weeks old at $20 each. He had swine twenty-seven months old that would weigh between six and seven hundred each. The stock of each of these gentlemen were equally good.

The Chester Whites have been considerably talked of, and there has been, without any reasonable doubt, more *swindling* done on their account, than that of any other breed of swine in the country. I find "Chester Whites" on the railroad, in freight cars, at stations, in wagons going into the country, and in the pig stys of enterprising Suckers, Badgers, and Hawkeyes, that are no more Chester Whites than are Wentworth's crosses of Suffolks and Prairie rooters. That there *is* an improved breed of hogs called "Chester Whites," there is no doubt whatever. The writer has seen them. But that all that are sold as "Chester Whites" are entitled to that name in any way, is a question already settled; they are not. The writer has seen swine sent hither from Ohio, purporting to be of this breed, that are *very distantly related* to say the least—forty-seventh cousins probably. And it will be but a brief space before there will be a swarm of swine peddlers, peddling Chester Whites, all through the country. One or two have been heard of. Beware of them!

The writer does not desire to say or do anything which shall prevent the introduction of and benefits which flow from improvements, but he does desire to prevent the great loss to the country in the money expended for and distrust created by the purchase of comparatively worthless animals at ten times their value. "How do these Chester Whites feed, compared with other breeds? Do they eat more in proportion to the size and weight they obtain?" we asked of Mr. Smith. He replied that they were good eaters, and by the keen glitter of his eyes and nod of his head, he said a great deal more. But he said they were quiet; they eat and lie down, and lie down and eat—often, when they can get in the trough, lying down in one end of it while they eat the food in the other end, and *vice versa.*

Mr. C. D. Bent exhibited Yorkshires which he obtained from Hungerford & Brodie of Jefferson county, N. Y. He is confident they will prove well adapted to the needs of the Iowa farmer. He thinks them the finest bred hog of the larger breeds, with less offal; but he is only starting, and has no results from his experiment.

The Suffolks exhibited by Mr. Kimball merit attention. He has the long-bodied, hairy sort, which Mr. Wentworth is breeding for. His stock was originally obtained of Sherwood of Auburn, New York. He is now breeding from a boar purchased of Simon Ruble of Wisconsin, whom I think I have before mentioned as being a successful breeder of all kinds of stock. We heard men say that the Suffolks were not the kind of hogs to rear when corn can be grown for ten cents per bushel. Perhaps not, and yet has any one tried the experiment of fattening more Suffolks on the same feed, and getting more aggregate weight from the same amount of corn, *in a shorter time,* than can be obtained from the coarser breeds. If this can be done, it ought to be a weighty argument in favor of the Suffolks. If a man can prepare the same amount of food for market in less time, at the same cost, (perhaps less,) it is an important item. There can be nothing made, especially *near* a market, by accomplishing in twelve months only what may be done in six. And certainly the Suffolk will be quite as likely to keep fat on extended ranges as the larger breeds. Will not some of the Iowa farmers discuss this subject, or at least give their views upon it in the Rural? It may be that the writer has not found the animus of their practice yet, and entirely misapprehends the character of their wants. He wants to learn. There are further notes on swine in our note-book, which will be aired when we have more time and space.

SHEEP—MULES—HORSES.

The show of Sheep was meagre indeed. There were a few good pens of Spanish, and down in too close proximity to a mud-hole, in another part of the grounds were some respectable French Merinoes; but there was nothing note-worthy in this department.

Jacks and Mules are growing in favor and in number here. I noticed some excellent teams of the latter, and a few good Jacks.

The show of horses was not large, but some excellent animals were noticed in the ring.

FRUIT AND FARM PRODUCTS.

The exhibition of Fruit was a fine one, particularly of apples and grapes. A few excellent specimens of pears were found. The grapes were mainly Catawba, Isabella, Concord, and Clinton, with a few Delawares, Fox grapes, and straggling bunches of some of the newer sorts. With some, the Concord is growing in favor—indeed the writer talked with but one gentleman who did not esteem it very highly. Dr. Kimball of Iowa City told me he intended to cut off every one of his Catawbas, Isabellas, and Clintons, and graft the Concord thereon. I find that this opinion of the Concord is obtaining fast hold wherever it is known. Suel Foster of Muscatine speaks highly of the Diana.

There were a few samples of grain, and some excellent samples of wheat and seed on exhibition; a few vegetables, some good samples of butter, cheese, and bread, and an endless variety of preserves, jellies, and canned fruit. The writer tasted some excellent samples of butter, and the bread on exhibition merited high commendation.

MACHINERY.

The show of Agricultural Machinery was not large. Deere of Moline, Ill., exhibited his celebrated plows, (on which he took several first premiums,) and Krum of Davenport, a fine lot of Hawkeye Ware of the same sort. Here was Vaughn's popular Corn-Sheller, Pitt's Threshers, Prindle's Agricultural Steam Boiler, and Cook's Sugar Cane Evaporator in full operation; the latter supplied by cane juice from a Galesburg, Ill., Mill. And Ball's, Kirby's, the Buckeye, and Manny's Reapers and Mowers were standing here ready to receive the attention of the Committee appointed to award a premium to some one of them without any trial whatever—a farce which was again enacted, with results unknown to the writer and of no consequence to the public, but disgraceful to the Agricultural Society which tolerates such practices.

A GRAIN BINDER.

There was one machine which attracted considerable attention, and from all that we could gather of farmers present who had used it, merited all that it received, We refer to a simple, yet nondescript machine, called Burson's Grain Binder. This binder is attached to a reaper, and enables one man to bind the grain as fast as it is delivered to him by the raker, without leaving the platform at all. It will be at once apparent that this not only is a great saving of grain but a great saving of labor. The material of which the band is made is of small annealed wire, which costs but a trifle—fifteen or twenty cents worth being sufficient to bind an acre of grain. The sheaves are bound of any size from a diameter of a quarter of an inch to one of fourteen inches. It is not difficult to operate this machine, and an important advantage which is secured by their use is best expressed by the language of a farmer who had used one, and said to the writer, "We have got these hired men with their high wages in harvest time in a tight place, sir. They can't dictate terms to us any longer, and compel us to surrender at discretion. Neither are we compelled to make slaves of our families in order to feed a half score of hungry men. We can do our harvest with the help we ordinarily use on the farm, and without waste, too." That is about as concise a statement of its advantages as a man could make. It has now been used two seasons, and all experiments have been made with a view to its perfection, and all suggested improvements are at once adopted, if well established. We expect it, or some binder, will become as essential to the Western farmer as the reaper now is.

THE PLOWING MATCH.

In the midst of a chilling, driving rain, we jumped into a wagon with a plow and plowman, to go and see the Plowing Match. The ground selected was on the brow and side of a hill which had been redeemed from a hazel thicket. It was stubble land, and not a bad field in which to test the merits of plows and the skill of the plowmen. There were six or seven entries, and as many plowmen.

We have alluded to this match in this connection simply to call attention to one important matter which has been forced upon our notice by the manner in which the match was managed by the committee. It astonished all our ideas of the rules governing plowing matches. For instance, equal spaces were measured, and stakes driven, which were to be the center of operations for each team. Then how to start, and whether to back-furrow or plow a land, was the question which agitated the committee, the decision of which confused and "mixed up" both the committee and exhibitors. Finally, after three

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or four "final decisions" had been revised or reversed, it was decided that each plowman should back-furrow three rounds, and then plow the land on his left. It will be seen that each plowman was made dependent upon his left hand neighbor for the manner in which he finished his land. If said neighbor failed to plow a straight furrow, the plowman had a land to straighten and a botched piece of work to remedy. In one or two instances this was the case, and created, of course, a good deal of complaint. Now it is important that rules should be fixed upon and published in the premium list, for the direction of committees—especially such as know nothing of the way in which such matches are or should be conducted.

The writer observed that some of these competitors "rushed the thing through," spurring up their teams into almost a trot, sweating and blowing themselves with labor and anxiety, straining every nerve to get done first; and yet, when the premiums were announced, they proved to have been awarded, the first to the plowman who finished his work last, and the second to the one who got his land plowed next to the last of the whole of them. The committee proved themselves sensible in this, if they were inexperienced and made novel rules. Most of the plowing was excellent; but little, if any of it, could be called poor.

WEATHER—CLOSE OF THE FAIR—OTHER MATTERS.

There were evening discussions, at one of which the writer took notes which will appear hereafter. The other, it was said, "did not amount to much."

The weather was cold and wet most of the time during the three days we were in Iowa City. On the third day there was a good attendance, and on the fourth and last a light one. The President made a pleasant bargain with exhibitors, by which they pledged themselves to be satisfied with what they could get, and he announced that they could pay fifty per cent. of the awards made.

The weather was too uncomfortable, most of the time, either to talk or write; and many items which would have been eagerly sought for from exhibitors, were allowed to rest, unexposed to the chill air, by the writer's pencil.

And the beautiful city, which we visited for the first time, remains unexplored; and many engagements made with citizens and friends in the suburbs, have been and are hereby deferred until a more convenient and pleasant season.

There are other items, which will appear in due time, relating to matters deserving more elaboration than can be given them at this writing.

The Iowans need not find anything to discourage them in the results of this Fair. It was well conducted, and without any prominent clap-trap appendages or malt liquor institutions, which have been made a prominent feature at some other Fairs we have attended. There was no disorder—there could be none where members of the "Iowa 1st," which "fought mit Siegel" at Springfield, Mo., were the police. They are a fine-looking class of young men, and have worthily won all the praise they get. Most of them have re-enlisted.

A WORD WITH YOU, BROTHER FARMER.

The Rural comes down into New Jersey once each week, laden with many good things. Through it we hear from men in various parts of the Union, who are engaged in the good cause of soil-tilling. We see reports on crops, processes of culture, manures, and many other things pertaining to our vocation. While sitting by our firesides we thus have an opportunity of easily learning what many of our brethren of the plow are doing in the way of improvement. Even in this region, which is by some termed "*benighted*," we are anxious to learn the best ways, get the best seeds, use the best fertilizers, or utilize our home made composts to the best end. Also to reap our crops at the right moment, store them in the right way, *and get the right price for them.* Hence we become reading men, and I for one always welcome the Rural; for I can then chat with my brother farmers at times when my near neighbors cannot be induced to waste precious moments from sleep.

But, my friends, I get tired, at times, of doing my part of the chatting by myself, so I venture this wet morning to ask Mr. Editor Moore to let *me* chat directly with you. If he permits me to do so, bear with me if I am disposed to lean at all toward fault-finding. I merely desire to state some things in a plain way, as I find them presented to my own mind.

I till my acres with a desire to get the greatest profit consistent with the present state of the soil, and the means at command; hence it becomes a matter of anxiety to know the experience of as many others as possible. Almost all men seem willing to tell their experience, but very few succeed in so stating it as to make it valuable to others, either because they have not clearly defined notions in their own mind, or the method of communication may be deficient. In conversation with an intelligent, educated, and experienced gardener, a few days since, we fell on the subject of "special manures" and their application. Green sand marl was spoken of; he had tried a large quantity with other manures. "How did it act?" "Well, I put it on grape vine borders, dug it in about pear trees—in fact, used it on almost everything in the large garden, and I feel satisfied that the crops were larger and trees healthier than ever before." This was the nearest I could get at the value of green sand marl on his land. No comparative experiment had been made, yet he was ready to buy a large quantity of marl at ten cents per bushel for this year's use. On closer questioning, I found he was far from convinced that any very great benefit had been derived from its use, but he "supposed" it was beneficial. His guano experiments were more positive in result. A portion of ground was manured at the rate of one thousand pounds per acre. The crops were far more remunerative than on portions not manured that year, or manured with ordinary barnyard composts, and the difference had continued through the succeeding years. "How do you like the dwarf pear?" I asked. "I prefer the standard." "Have you the same sorts, both dwarf and standard?" "No; my standards are trained *en espalier*"—and they were splendid trees heavily loaded—but I submit whether my question was fully answered, or whether the poor dwarfs had a proper chance, receiving, as they did, no especial care, such as a dwarf requires, while the standard espalier was nourished with the greatest assiduity. So on through a long list of things I found my good friend making decisions, without even a shadow of reason, on many very important matters. I learned many things from his neat, good ways of doing work, and training fruit trees and vines; but as to the comparative value of manures, etc., I learned little besides the stern necessity of instituting slow but careful trials myself, if I desired to get at their real value.

Living near a great market, the greatest in the country, I had determined to plant sweet corn to take in green, as the profit is far greater than from the growth of ordinary crops. During the whole of last season I used due diligence to learn the best kinds of corn for such use. All my neighbors united in saying that none was equal to the common kind; every ear would sell so long as it looked like corn, and you could make no mistake in planting it. I felt satisfied, from having raised small quantities of a number of kinds myself, that some of the larger and finer sorts would prove more valuable. I accordingly planted a small piece of common sweet corn, and a large one of an improved variety. The first proved with me, as with all my advisers, valueless during this dry season, while the latter yielded a handsome income, and was the admiration of the whole vicinity. This result was expected, *because* I had carefully tried and proved the thing beforehand; whereas my neighbors spoke from the stand point of prejudice.

Years of experience have served to show me the necessity of using the greatest caution in reporting facts; for we may often deceive ourselves, which is ever to be deplored, and we certainly will deceive others who may lean on our statements, expecting to find them strictly true. Many extremely valuable things are set aside as valueless because some one supposed to know says they are so;—other worthless things are taken up, and much money and time wasted in striving to prove them worth all that some careless report would have us believe. It thus becomes a matter of necessity that each man should be an experimenter, and this will in a measure account for the universal sticking to experience on the part of farmers, as well as their frequent prejudice against all new things and processes. I shall use my best endeavor to encourage great carefulness in observation, to the end that facts, being clearly astcertained, may be lucidly expressed and easily apprehended. So far, then, I find fault with almost all "reports" of crops and processes, gathering but little satisfaction and profit from their incompleteness and inaccuracies. Am I wrong, brother farmers? Have you not, one and all, suffered in this way? If so, let us determine to do our part toward remedying this crying evil. If not, you must be fortunate indeed, and we should be glad to see your experiences set forth in the Rural, for very few farmers have ever gone through years of toilsome striving without having stumbled upon many promising "placers," warranted to yield large nuggets of golden treasure, which have proved barren. Yet all these sad experiences are not without good results. The Alchemists of old diligently sought means for transmuting all things to gold. Their extensive researches failed to show them the great "Touchstone," but they learned thousands of facts valuable to the world, and out of the rubbish left by them, a few great minds have succeeded in bringing the science of Chemistry, that science which seems to underlie our own art of Agriculture. Even so may some great minds be able to take the vast and accumulated piles of Agricultural reportorial rubbish, and simmering them down, secure valuable results in the solid Science of Agriculture. But I have no such hope. I prefer to see careful experimenting, close study of nature, and a judicious summing up of results, which shall state in a clear and unmistakable manner exactly what has been discovered of value to the world.

A Jersey Delver.

Remarks.—Our correspondent is right. There is too much carelessness in testing new plants, fertilizers, implements, modes of culture, &c., and a great lack of accuracy and conciseness in reporting results. Too many depend upon a single trial in a favorable season, and "jump at conclusions," with railroad speed—thus unintentionally deceiving themselves and the agricultural public, and doing injury to the cause of improvement. Let us have the results of careful experiments and comparisons,—facts and figures which are reliable—wherewith to "teach one another."

The Bee-Keeper.

Feeding Bees.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Will you please inform me, through your paper, the best method of feeding bees so that they will be able to winter well? I have a fine swarm in a common box hive that came out the 24th of July, and I would like very much to winter them. I shall have a few pounds of honey in boxes, and some to take up in a small swarm.—Bee Keeper, *Jefferson Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Sugar-candy is the most convenient article that can be used for feeding bees. The plain is the best, but if flavored with lemon or hoarhound it will answer. A few sticks, such as may be obtained of any confectioner, may be placed within reach of the bees, and on this they will winter well. From two to four pounds, it is said, will keep a colony over the winter; that is, supposing they have plenty of comb; but where the swarm was so late as to have been unable to make a good stock of comb, it will be useless to try to keep them over the winter. Langstroth gives the following on the subject:

"I now mention a substitute for liquid honey, the value of which has been extensively and thoroughly tested in Germany, and which I have used with great advantage. It was first introduced by the Rev. Mr. Weigel, of Silesia, and Dzierzon and other distinguished Apiarians speak of its excellence in the most decided terms. The article to which I refer is *plain sugar-candy*. It has been ascertained that about four pounds of this candy will sustain a colony during the winter, when they have scarcely any honey in their hive! If it is placed where they can have access to it without being chilled, they will cluster upon it, and gradually eat it up. It not only goes further than double the quantity of liquid honey which could be bought for the same money, but is found to agree with the bees perfectly; while the former is almost sure to sour in the unsealed cells, exposing them to dangerous, and often fatal attacks of dysentery. I sometimes invert the old fashioned box hive, and push sticks of candy gently between the ranges of comb, in which the bees cluster. The bottom-board may then be replaced, and if the hive is still upside down, and properly sheltered, the bees will have ready access to the candy, even in the coldest weather.

"In my hives, the spare honey-board may be elevated on strips, about an inch and a half above the frames, and sticks of candy laid on the tops of the *central* frames will then be always accessible to the bees, even in the coldest weather, if the outside of the honey-board is covered with cotton, or any warm packing. By sliding into the hive, under the frames, a few sticks of candy, I can in a moment feed a small colony, in summer, without incurring the risk of tempting robbers by the smell of liquid honey. If a small quantity of liquid food is needed in warm weather, loaf-sugar dissolved in water, as it has scarcely any smell, is the best.

"'The use of sugar-candy for feeding bees,' says the Rev. Mr. Kleine, 'gives to bee-keeping a security which it did not possess before. Still, we must not base over-sanguine calculations on it, or attempt to winter very weak stocks, which a prudent Apiarian would at once unite with a stronger colony. I have used sugar-candy for feeding, for the last five years, and made many experiments with it, which satisfy me that it cannot be too strongly recommended, especially after unfavorable summers. Colonies well furnished with comb, and having plenty of pollen, though deficient in honey, may be very profitably fed with candy, and will richly repay the service thus rendered them.'

"'Sugar-candy dissolved in a small quantity of water, may be safely fed to bees late in the fall, and even in winter, if absolutely necessary. It is prepared by dissolving two pounds of candy in a quart of water, and evaporating, by boiling, about two gills of the solution; then skimming and straining through a hair sieve. Three quarts of this solution, fed in Autumn, will carry a colony safely through the winter, in an ordinary location and season. The bees will carry it up into the cells of such combs as they prefer, where it speedily thickens and becomes covered with a thin film, which keeps it from souring.'"

To Prevent Ants from Disturbing Bees.

I hear a great deal of complaint of ants disturbing bees, and occasionally inquiry is made as to the best remedy; but have not seen or heard of a remedy so certain to "head" the little intruders, as a simple plan which I adopted five years ago in my apiary.

It is this:—I make bunches of 1½ inch boards, having the feet to project out, but very slightly, so as to prevent being easily blown over. I decide where the bench is to stand, and see where the feet will come, then put narrow boards crosswise for the feet to rest on. Under each end of these boards, I sink a block of wood or stone, so that it shall not settle in wet weather. Then place the feet in tin, earthen, or iron vessels, (no matter how rough; even old oyster cans will do,) and fill with water about once a week. See that the bench does not touch any other thing having connection with the ground.

I brought in from the country this spring, two hives of bees (Hall's patent,) set them on one of the above described benches in my bee house, and in a few days opened the upper doors to inspect the honey boxes. I found in and around the boxes, thousands of big black ants and eggs. I brushed them out for two or three days in succession, and since then not an ant is to be seen in them, or in any other hive in the apiary.—*T. J. Magruder, in Am. Bee Journal.*

Profits of Bee-Keeping.

Mr. R. H. Davis, a practical farmer, and one of our subscribers, who has a large and well managed farm at Larone, in Somerset County, furnishes us with the following notes relating to the profits of his small apiary during the year 1860. In the spring of that year, Mr. Davis had four swarms, which being wintered through, he valued at five dollars each, or twenty dollars. These four swarms sent out during the season ten new swarms; eight of which were worth, in the fall, four dollars each, or thirty-two dollars. The other two swarms had not honey enough to winter on. It was, therefore, strained and sold, (thirty pounds,) at ten cents per pound, which amounted to three dollars. From the eight new swarms, Mr. Davis sold two hundred and fifty-eight pounds of box honey, at twelve and a half cents per pound, amounting to thirty-two dollars and twenty-five cents. There was also some wax made, not taken into the account. The old stocks of bees were reckoned at four dollars each in the fall, the same as the new swarms. This gives a clear profit of $67.25 from four swarms in one season. Who can give a better account from so small a lot of bees?—*Maine Farmer.*

Honey-Producing Plant.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Will you please give the name of the inclosed flower, which blossoms very extensively over our Western prairies? It usually comes into blossom between the 15th of August and the 1st of September, and flowers continually until killed by frost, yielding our bees a copious supply of bright yellow honey, of a superior quality. Being engaged in bee culture, and ignorant as to the name of so valuable a flower, you will confer a favor on at least one subscriber to your valuable paper by giving the desired information.—E. H. Frentress, *Dunleith, Jo. Daviess Co., Ill.*

Solidago Canadensis, or Canadian Goldenrod, common in all parts of the country.

Support of Bees.

Eds Rural New-Yorker:—Can you inform me how many swarms of bees will thrive and do well in a good location? There is a good section here for buckwheat, basswood, and white clover. By publishing this you will oblige—A Subscriber, *Birmingham, Oakland Co., Mich.*, 1861.

On this subject we have been promised an article from a practical apiarian. The great number that can find support in a mile square, in a favorable locality, is really surprising.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Patience in Milking.

A writer in the *Ohio Farmer* says that a cow was cured of holding up her milk, by patiently milking until she ceased to hold it; and by continuing the practice, she has become an easy, regular milker, and a good cow.

Points of a Work Horse.

The California Agricultural Society requires that a first premium work horse shall be between fifteen and sixteen hands; quick, lively ears; broad between the eyes; round barrel; short loins; well up in the shoulder; deep chested; square quarters; flat legs; short between the knee and pastern, and hock and pastern; hind legs well under him; speed equal to eight miles an hour on the road, and at least three miles at the plow; with sufficient blood to insure spirit and endurance.

Two Heaps of Manure.

The lesson inculcated by the following, from the pen of Hon. F. H. Holbrook, in the *New England Farmer*, is one of great value to the thinking farmer: How true is the remark of Mr. Coke, late Earl of Leicester, that the value of farm-yard manure is in proportion to what it is made of. If cattle eat straw alone, the dung is straw alone; the cattle are straw, the farm is straw, and the farmer is straw—they are all straw together. Not long ago I had four cows come up to the stable in the Fall, which I thought might yield a good supply of milk through the Winter, if well fed. I also had four other animals, cows and heifers, which were not expected to give much milk till the following grass season. The first four were tied in the stable side by side, and received each, in addition to hay and stalks, four quarts of small potatoes each morning, and two quarts of corn and oatmeal each evening, through the Winter. As we expected, they gave a good mess of milk, and came out well in the Spring. The manure of those four cows was thrown out a stable window under the cattle-shed by itself. The other four animals were tied in the same stable, next to the first four, and received only hay and corn fodder. Their manure was thrown out by itself at the next stable window, and under the same shed, so that the two heaps lay side by side. The heap that was made by the four cows that were daily messed with potatoes and meal, kept hot and smoking all Winter, and was wholly free from frost. The heap made by the other animals that had only hay and stalks, showed no signs of fermentation and was somewhat frozen. Observing this difference from time to time, curiosity prompted me in the Spring to apply those two heaps of manure separately, but in equal quantities, side by side, on a piece of corn ground. The superiority of the corn crop where the manure from the messed cattle was applied, over that where the other heap was spread, was quite apparent and striking, and called my attention more particularly than it was ever before directed, to the importance of feeding out our best, or richest products, if we would have the best kind of manure for our lands, and large crops from them.

Wintering Calves.

Calves, says the *American Agriculturist*, should have loose stables, or stalls to run in during winter, with a little yard or paddock for exercise out of doors in fair weather, and plenty of fresh air always. Good soft hay, a few oats, say a pint a day for each, or an equal quantity of corn, oats, or barley-meal, and in mild weather a quart of sliced roots, is their best food. In very cold weather, roots do calves—such is our experience—more hurt than good. They are cold and watery, and scour them. In mild weather roots supply the place of green food, and we consider them good for that only in our Northern climate. If calves get lousy, rub a little soft grease, mixed with a sprinkling of Scotch snuff, on the affected parts, thoroughly to the skin, and the lice will leave at once. If you have not the snuff, grease alone will do. This is effectual, and the only remedy we have applied for years. Tobacco water we do not like. It often sickens the calves, and is not so certain a cure as the grease. Keep the calves warm, dry, and clean, and they will come out in the spring as bright as larks.

A Rarey among Horned Cattle.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, writing from the State Fair Grounds, speaks of a performance with steers, as follows:

Every year I have been able to learn something new—something beneficial to me as a farmer, or something that I could communicate to others to their advantage. I shall try to profit equally by what I see here. I have seen one thing to-day which I wish every farmer, and every man who ever drives oxen, or handles cattle in any way, could see as I have seen. It would teach him the great benefits of the law of kindness. We have all heard of Rarey among horses, and have almost loved the man in our admiration of his process of training. I have just seen a Rarey among horned cattle. Here is a boy perhaps ten years old, training and handling six steers, not yet two years old, with all the ease that an experienced Yankee ox-driver handles a single pair while in the yoke; and he has no yoke, nor rope, nor does he speak a word scarcely above a loud whisper, and only occasionally strikes a blow that would not raise a blister upon the skin of a child. All his actions are based upon the laws of kindness, with a firm determination that all his orders must be obeyed. Now he brings up a single pair as though yoked together; then two yoke; then three; then he mismatches all of them as though he were about to yoke the off ox on the near side. Then he changes places, and puts odd ones together; then he unyokes, if I may use the term when he does not use a yoke, all of them, and brings them up in a line like a platoon of soldiers, and with greater precision than any "awkward squad." Then he trains them around by twos and threes, or drops out a single one and orders him to a new place by a motion of his small whip, or, as it seemed to me, often by a mere effort of his will that he desired a change of position. For an hour that I stood watching, there was another pair of older steers standing just outside of the circle of his operations, patiently waiting their turn until some one asked:—"Can you handle eight as well as six?" "I could," he modestly replied, "if my whip was a little longer; I can't reach the outside one, when in line, with this short whip, but I will try." And so he did; and notwithstanding the short whip, all were managed with the utmost care, and all who saw were taught a lesson which none seemed to tire of learning. I hope they will profit by it. Will those who read also profit so far as to pursue the same course in training all domestic animals. Teach your boys, too, to yoke up the young steers, to use them kindly, with patient perseverance, to make them as bidable as this boy has these on exhibition, and then they will make good and valuable oxen.

Inquiries and Answers.

Converting Straw into Manure.—In answer to the inquiry for the best way to convert straw into manure, I will give my mode, which I think a good one, at least. When through threshing, we get all the straw we can into the sheds and barn, and the rest is spread evenly over the yard. Let the horses, cattle, sheep and hogs have a good bed every night; then fix an extra pair of wide side boards to the wheelbarrow, and wheel the cleanings from the horse and cow stable daily, till the yard is pretty well covered. Again spread on straw, and follow up until spring. If the straw is not then used up, I spread it in the yard after the manure is drawn out, and it makes good top-dressing for fall wheat.—A. Green, *Amboy, O.*, 1861.

Wire Worms—How I "Fixed" Them.—Last spring I plowed ten acres of green sward for corn, but upon examination found it full of wire worms. However, as a liberal dressing of manure had been applied, I concluded to try doctoring the varmints. Soaked the seed thirty-six hours in a solution of copperas and salt,—one pound of copperas for the seed for ten acres,—and as soon as the corn was up, applied unleached ashes and salt, one-fifth salt to four-fifths ashes, giving a good-sized handful to four hills. The result is as fine a piece of corn as you would like to see. A few rows left without the doctoring were almost entirely destroyed. To rid the land of them, next season I shall harvest a crop of buckwheat, and the season after, plow under buckwheat, sowing wheat in the fall. The rascals will secede under this treatment.—Rusticus, *Oakfield, N. Y.*, 1861.

Cutting Hungarian Grass.—Mr. J. B. Potter, of Ohio, inquires through the Rural of Sept. 14th, when to cut Hungarian Grass. As I have had several years' experience with it, perhaps it is my duty to give him and others the benefit of it. We say, then, cut early, about the time the seed is in the milk. If left standing until the seed matures, the stalk gets tough and unpalatable, and the oily nature of the seed, when ripe, makes it a *dangerous diet* for horses. Cattle will endure it better. This season I sowed my Hungarian the 21st of June, and cut it the 20th of August. The growth was fine, but I should have let it stand a few days longer, had not the Chinch Bug commenced upon it, obliging me to cut it then or never. Another season I propose sowing earlier, and have it ready to cut before instead of after harvest, thus avoiding the bugs.—D. G. Cheever, *Clinton, Rock County, Wisconsin*, 1861.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Bloomington Nursery—F. K. Phoenix.
Andre Leroy's Nurseries—Bruguiere & Thebaud.
Peach Trees, &c., for Sale—Wm. Parry.
New Stove Establishment—Klein & Duthe.
Building Lots for Sale—D. H. Mulford.
Agents Wanted—B. Haskins & Co.
Apple Stocks for Sale—Ensign & Ford.
Apple Seedlings for Sale—A. Becker.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Metropolitan Gift Bookstore—J. F. Hone.

Rural Notes and Items.

A Remarkable Autumn.—The weather of the present Autumn has thus far been remarkable, especially for the absence of severe frost in any part of the country. The veritable "oldest inhabitant" is surprised that the summer temperature should continue, almost uninterrupted by frost or chilly weather, to the middle of October—while many of "the rest of mankind" are wondering at the ripening and dropping of chestnuts, and the change in other products, wood and leaf included, without being touched by Jack's frigid fingers. As we write (Oct. 15) the sun is shining brightly and warmly—glorious weather for farmers and horticulturists, as well as for our soldiers in the "tented field." The mild weather has of course been most favorable for the corn crop, maturing and saving much that would have been lost in an ordinary season. The pastures are now nearly as fresh as in June, and an abundance of good butter and cheese will be made this month. Early sown winter wheat and rye have made rapid growth; most fields have tillered well, and present a remarkably fine appearance. The only unfavorable effect of the warm weather, combined with recent heavy rains, has been upon the potato crop—causing extensive injury by rot, especially on heavy soils and low grounds. With this exception the season has proved unexpectedly propitious.

Brief Notes of the Local Fairs.—According to the Canandaigua papers, the *Ontario County Fair* was a success. It is said the excellence, extent and variety of the articles exhibited, was about equal to former years, while the interest of the people in the Fair was manifested by a good attendance. An intelligent friend who was present says he never saw so fine a show of young horses as was made on the occasion.——The *Orleans Co. Fair*, at Albion, is reported to have been creditable and well attended. The *Republican* says there was a fine display of cattle and horses. The show in Floral Hall, and of Dairy products, are also spoken of as being fine.——The *Oswego Co. Fair*, at Oswego Falls, is said to have been the most successful ever held in the county, all things considered. The weather was fine on the first and second days, the exhibition exceedingly good, and the attendance very large—from six to eight thousand people being present on the second day. The entries were unusually large, and the receipts over $1,100, and would have been much more but for the drenching rain on the last day. The show of Stock was extra; also of Fruits and Vegetables.——The *Wayne Co. Fair*, at Lyons, last week, was unexpectedly successful—fine weather, a large attendance, and good exhibition. The *Republican* says:—"Nowhere, not even at our State Fair, have we seen finer specimens of Fruit than were on exhibition. The show of Vegetables and Grains was extensive, embracing some astonishing samples. The exhibition of horses, cattle, and other stock, was quite as large as at previous Fairs, and highly commended by the various groups of visitors. On the whole, the Fair was a success. Old farmers, whose judgment in such matters is worth heeding, pronounce it the best that has ever been held in this county."——The Fair of the Manlius and Pompey Ag'l and Mech'l Association—at Manlius, Sept. 24, 25—is said to have been a great success. A report in the Syracuse *Journal* speaks in the highest terms of the exhibition, in both quantity and quality—says the show of improved stock was super-excellent, and other departments admirably filled. The address by Squire M. Brown, of Elbridge, was of course good—"replete with sound practical instruction, and elicited high commendation."——The Fair of the *Skaneateles Farmers' Club* must have been very creditable, and unusually triumphant, judging from an account of it in the *Democrat*. After mentioning the presence of several prominent gentlemen, that paper says:—"The testimony of those from abroad indicates that our Fair exceeds in interest any of the County or Town Fairs held in this vicinity, and we can assure ourselves that we have never attended any which was pleasanter, and none of greater interest, except the State Exhibitions."——Of the *Essex Co. Fair* a local paper says:—"Notwithstanding the severe weather, there was a large attendance, and the entries, in nearly all departments, were very full, and of an excellent class. The exhibition of horses, cattle, and sheep, was an unusually fine one, and the display in the departments of Domestic Industry and Vegetables was of superior quality and of fair quantity."——The *Dryden Union Fair* was a perfect success. A. F. Houpt, one of the officers, writes:—"We were all disappointed, for the Fairs around us were failures. The enterprise of the inhabitants of this vicinity has as yet never failed to call a crowd of people together, and also a good collection of articles of all kinds, both in and out of the hall, to attract their attention. Perhaps our collection of stock cannot be excelled by any County or Union Fair. We all feel to rejoice, under the circumstances, that we were so highly favored with good weather, which was one great cause of success."

Fast Growing Pork.—The *New England Farmer* says:—"We do not *work our hogs*, either in harness or in the manure heaps. When they have taken their meals and what exercise they please, they retire to a dry, roomy bed, lie down and grow, and make a business of it. An Irishman can overhaul the manure heap much cheaper than the hogs can. We slaughtered swine last fall, made from pigs that weighed less than 36 pounds each 11 months before, and the hogs weighed, when handsomely dressed, from 450 to 475 pounds each!"

—This item reminds us of the handsome and fast-growing swine (nearly 200) which we saw in the pens of the Michigan State Prison, at Jackson, last month. After the gentlemanly Clerk of the Prison (H. H. Bingham, Esq., brother of the late Senator Bingham,) had shown us the internal arrangements of the "institution," he called our attention to a very creditable "outside show"—the manufactory of pork for the convicts. We have rarely, if ever, seen a finer lot of the "swinish multitude." On inquiry, Mr. B. said they were a cross of the Berkshire and Suffolk, and he thought the breed an admirable one, making handsome, easily fattened animals, and good pork at a year old or less—averaging from 300 to 400 lbs. when 10 to 12 months old. What is the experience of our pork-raising readers with a cross of the breeds named?

New Variety of Cotton.—Another rival to the cotton plant of the South is attracting notice—a cotton *tree*, which is said to thrive in a cool climate. Mr. R. C. Kendall, of Maryland, says he discovered it in the Andes, near the 40th parallel of latitude, the ground around the tree being then covered with snow. It is perennial, and lives many years; may be propagated from seeds or cuttings; grows to about the size of our peach trees, the first one seen by Mr. K. being about 18 feet in height, and bearing a crop estimated at nearly 100 lbs. The product has been pronounced by cotton brokers equal to the best Sea Island, while the yield per acre is said, with favorable soil and situation, to far exceed (more than double) that of the Southern variety. Mr. K. is confident the tree can be grown wherever Indian corn can. All which is "important, if true," but we fear too good news to be reliable.

Minor Rural Items.—A lady nearly 90 years of age—Mrs. Wright, of Plymouth, Luzerne Co., Pa.,—wishes to obtain a few silk-worm eggs. Any Rural reader who can furnish them, will please address Mrs. W. as above.——Prof. J. L. Tracy has been appointed by the St. Louis Ag'l and Mech'l Association to represent its interests at the World's Fair.——The receipts of specie from abroad this year, for breadstuffs and other articles of American growth, are estimated at over forty million dollars—while, meantime, the importations of foreign fabrics have largely decreased, the war making our people more economical than formerly.——The recent heavy rains extended over a wide extent of country. Letters from the West speak of long-continued wet weather, the rotting of potatoes, injury of corn, &c.——We have received stalks of Missouri Dent corn, 12½ feet in height, grown by W. T. Bills, on the farm of Harley Clark, of Hamlin, this county. Tall corn, that, for this section.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE SEASON.

UP to the present time, October 14th, we have been entirely free from frosts in this section. The almost incessant rains, however, have injured fall flowers almost as seriously as a frost, while the condition of the ground has delayed or prevented altogether much work usually done in the Autumn. Although we have reason to complain of a quantity of rain altogether unusual, yet the temperature has been above the average, and we have often been favored with days quite warm. The good effects of this are observed in the full maturity of grapes that a few weeks ago were considered far too late to stand even a chance of ripening. High winds, too, have prevailed, and the orchards have suffered by the falling and bruising of the fruit. We remember when nine-tenths of the apples in this section were shaken from the trees, but now the dropping off of any large portion of the fruit is considered a serious loss by the orchardists. Those who have watched the progress of fruit culture in Western New York during the last quarter of a century are prepared to witness even greater changes in the years that are to follow. With a fine climate, and with few real difficulties to contend with, we know not why Western New York may not become the fruit garden of the North. Certain it is that no business, at present, promises such fair returns for labor and investment. What is somewhat unusual, too, our nurseries are well supplied with fine trees of all leading and popular varieties, and they can be obtained at lower rates than at any previous time.

LOW TREES vs. HIGH ONES.

IN years gone by, as the remaining trees in old orchards show, there was an almost universal practice of throwing the tree-tops high into the air; first, by allowing the trunks to arise some six or seven feet before they throw out branches; and, second, by pruning the branches near the trunk, leaving merely a tuft of limbs at the extremities of these naked arms. These outside tree-heads, formed on branches that had the appearance of *artificial* trees thrown out from the trunk, of course receded farther from the main body of the tree each year.

The disadvantages of this way of growing trees are their greater liability to be shaken and broken by high winds; the longer the lever, the greater the power in raising heavy bodies; the further the heavy tree-top is removed from the earth, the more power the winds will exert to overturn a tree. Then the branches are more liable to be broken by the weight of top being far removed from the trunk, or, if not directly broken, they are severely twisted, and thus made unhealthy, which, in due time, insures their decay.

The fruit on such trees is much more liable to be prematurely blown off by high winds, and it is gathered with much more difficulty when mature. If the tree is shaken, as is still the custom with many, the fruit is sadly bruised by the fall from these high tree-tops; and if picked off, the danger to life and limb in the operation is increased in a greater ratio than the increasing distance from the ground.

But there is yet another objection to this method of tree-forming, fully equal to if not greater than all others. Sap is the life of the tree, and the excess of sap goes to perfect the fruit. The longer the trunk and branches of the tree, the more of this must go to support the wood; the more the small branches are thrown into tufts at the extremities of large limbs, the fewer will be the leaves to elaborate sap for the nourishment of the tree and perfection of fruit; consequently, a feeble tree and small and inferior fruit will, in the end, be the result of the miserable system.

By the above noted system of tree-growing, they are more exposed to the ravages of insects. The more bare wood and greater exposure of it to atmospheric changes, the feebler the tree and more subject to attacks, not only of the hosts of animal depredators that feast most greedily upon such trees, but lichens gather on them more readily, and feed on their very vitals. Any one must know that these evils cannot be so readily contended with on a high, ill-shapen tree as when near the surface; so that, besides the increased amount of danger from the evils alluded to, the difficulty of obviating them is so much increased that, in a sort of indolent discouragement, they are neglected, and old, moss-covered, worm-webbed, insect-bored trees in a few years take the place of what may now be a young, thrifty and promising orchard.

When Nature raises trees, she does it on her own economical plan—one best calculated to give health and long life to her subject. In the forest we see trees shoot up their tall, mast-like trunks with a few branches at their extremities. Such trees are protected by surrounding trees while the forest remains; but remove the burden of timber, and how the remaining trees are rocked and shaken by the wind! How often their beautiful heads are decapitated by the raging storm! Who ever saw such trees on the border of a wood lot, or standing in isolated positions about fields? Such trees, if on the border of woodlands, throw out branches near the ground, to shield the body of the tree from storms and sunbeams. And the specimen of unrivaled symmetry in the field—how low its branches, and how beautifully it throws its long arms abroad! Yet these arms are not the naked ones that invite disease, but all along their length they throw out little branches, from each of which a clump of leaves appear to aid in furnishing the tree with healthy life-blood. If these branches become too numerous, or if the weaker interfere with the stronger, nature prunes and casts off what is superfluous.

But to our fruit trees. The best specimen of an apple tree we ever saw, made its head so near the ground that a person can without difficulty step into the lower branches, and these branches spread so low that the fruit can be gathered without difficulty by a person standing on the ground. They are long branches, and the top of the tree forms a symmetrical hemisphere. Neither the ax nor the saw has been accessory to forming that tree-head. The hand and the pruning-knife directed the first starting of these branches, and here they stopped, unless two combatant branches so interfered with each other's rights that one of them must be removed. This tree-top is so dense and so wide, that the hot midsummer sun cannot send his fiery rays to scorch the unprotected part of the tree. They fall upon its leafy head, and the warm atmosphere is diffused along the trunk and among the branches. No insects have ever disturbed the tree, unless it were some straggling worm that so far forgot the rules of propriety and honor as to commence its web among its branches. And, what is far better, it has never failed of a crop since it commenced bearing.

Low trees come into leaf, flower, etc., earlier than tall ones. A pear tree seven feet high had branches within a foot of the surface of the ground. The lowest branches were in full leaf before the buds on the top of the tree had developed the color of the leaf. And a plum tree, with branches near the ground, gave blossoms on the lower branches from a week to ten days earlier than they appeared in the upper part of the tree. Let the difference continue in the same ratio through the season, and many of our fruits would be raised in much higher perfection than they now are.

We have no doubt but many of our old orchards have been injured more by injudicious over-pruning than in any other way. Tree-pruning was almost a mania. It must be done every spring. This lower limb must be taken off, and that branch pruned as far out as the operator dared to venture, and could reach with the destructive ax. Such a system of tree torturing and tree mutilating could not be otherwise than destructive.—*Wm. Bacon, in Horticulturist.*

NEW MODE OF GROWING CELERY.

IN the *Gardener's Monthly*, for October, we find what is described as a new mode of growing and blanching celery. Everything new on this subject is received with eagerness, because all feel that there are difficulties connected with the usual process that should be remedied, if possible. The most successful celery growers sometimes fail, while others, who are certainly entitled to credit for their perseverance, never succeed in growing crisp, solid, clean stalks. Eight years since, we tried blanching celery by the use of horse-shoe tiles, first fastened with a cord, and then supported with earth; but after a couple of years abandoned it for the old process of earthing up. The editor, after stating that the process is not a cheap one, but excellent, describes it as follows:

To understand the advantages of the new mode, we will point out the disadvantages attendant on all the old ones. Celery loves an abundance of moisture, and it must be blanched. It is usual to continually water it overhead; but every cultivator knows that this tends to the baking and hardening of the soil, and continued stirring with the hoe and rake is necessary to counteract the evil, which, after all, is never entirely remedied. Then the blanching process usually employed, however varied is the mode, is attended by two serious evils. Blanching, to be effective, requires only the exclusion of light; but when earth or material is closed up around the celery plants, the air and all is excluded. The consequence is, that celery becomes pithy, insipid, and very difficult of preservation.

The other evil is, that by the earthing process, the rootlets are buried up far beneath the surface, and are dependent entirely on what little the soil contains for its growth and nutrition.

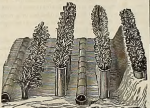


FIGURE 1.

The following process obviates all these objections. See fig. 1. A level piece of ground is chosen, and *well* manured all over. The usual trenches are discarded, and the plants set right on the surface, two feet apart. Common pipe draining-tiles are then procured, and after drawing a hoe through the loose ground directly between each row, the tiles are set, as in the sketch, nearly level with the surface. When it is desired to water, it is poured through the pipe, (one end being closed tight,) and the water percolates through the tiles into the soil, and through and amongst the roots, keeping the soil thoroughly moist, while the surface around the plant is thus left porous and loose as ever. But these tiles perform another important function, which will appear in the sequel.

When the plants have grown quite long, common horse-shoe draining tiles are employed, as shown in the plan, for the blanching process. They are set edge to edge on the opposite sides of the row, a slight earthing being employed to keep them in an upright position. Towards autumn, when the leaves begin to fall from the trees, they are collected and thrown in between the rows, and thus all light is entirely excluded, while air will pass down the tube and around the stems of the plants, rendering them firm and solid in the midst of a perfect blanching process. Any litter will do as well as leaves.

It is now that the pipes serving as water-conduits prove of value. While air is excluded by the superincumbent mass of matter, it passes through the open pipes and completely aerates the roots, causing them to grow in a surprising manner. The friend who gives us the plan as he pursued it in Germany, tells us that the roots often form so complete a mass inside the pipes by the time the celery is full-grown, as to entirely choke them; and the whole vigor of the plant and crispy sweetness of quality is such as will enable those of our readers who have followed our description to prepare a "surpriser" for those who left off reading at the point where we spoke of the increased expense of the plan.

THE STRAWBERRY—TRANSPLANTING.

EDS. RURAL:—I have experimented fifteen years with the strawberry, and the assertion in an article in your issue of October 5th, that September is the best time to transplant, is so contrary to my experience, and as I think, to general principles, that I am induced to give a word or two on the subject. It will not be denied that as a general, if not a universal rule, the best and surest, as well as easiest time, to transplant a tree or plant, is at the earliest *practicable* period of its existence. It feels the change least and soonest resumes a vigorous growth. As the strawberry is generally managed and neglected in gardens, *no thoroughly good plants* are to be had for transplanting. The course I pursue with a new variety is to get half a dozen plants in the spring, set them in a row two feet apart, in a piece of trenched (two spades deep) and well manured ground, four feet by twelve; hoe frequently, take off the fruit stems, and when the runners begin to show, fork up and rake the ground about the plants. It will be observed that the runners are *very large in diameter*, the larger the better. As soon as the first new plants are rooted, so as to resist anything more than a slight pull without coming up, (about June 20th,) take them up with a garden trowel, with a ball of earth (the roots will be about three inches long,) and set in well prepared ground, at least a foot and a half by two feet apart. Shade from the sun for a few days, with burdock leaves, a handful of weeds or grass, bits of boards and old tin pans. Take off the shading at evening and give a shower bath, and as soon as they will stand the sun without wilting, leave the shading off, and hoe as you would cabbages all summer and pinch off the runners as they start. I have a lot of plants that delight the eye of an amateur, *every time I go into the garden.*

During the month of July I get all the plants I want from my original half-dozen, but they go on putting out runners, and fill up the twelve feet by four during the summer and fall, and next season bear well. The transplanted plants are the nicest, and generally bear about a quart each. They are not hoed, the season of bearing, before the fruit is taken off, (it is a positive injury,) but the weeds are pulled up. I do not mean to be understood that September is not a good time. I transplant in every month, from March to November; and I would say to every one, *plant now*, if you can get good plants; and if it is well done, success is certain, and you avoid the contingencies and *bad precedent* of delay; and promptitude (with thoroughness,) is perhaps the grand secret of success in horticulture. There is another method, by which I have more splendid success, but this article is sufficiently long.

Pittsford, Oct., 1861. S. BOUGHTON.

REMARKS.—Plants may be set out in the manner described by our correspondent at any time, and without danger of losing one; but when they are to be sent any distance it is best to wait until they are well rooted, as if taken up too early the tender roots are destroyed before they are set out. More plants also are formed by allowing the runners to grow until August, and for this reason nurserymen do not like to disturb scarce varieties early in the season.

ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.

NOTES OF A HORTICULTURAL DISCUSSION.

W. H. GARDNER, Esq., furnishes us the following Notes of a Discussion at a meeting of Horticulturists in Chicago, held during the late State Fair:

The subject of *Fire Blight* was introduced. Cannot check this disease by pruning,—is considered epidemic,—will even spread by using the same knife on sound as unsound trees. No variety of the apple is entirely exempt,—not even the native wild crab.

One careful nurseryman having had considerable experience, cures or prevents it by slitting through the outside bark on the east or north side of the tree, thus checking the trees' growth by its bleeding; and he believes that only trees making a fine healthy or rapid growth are attacked.

This latter item of experience was hardly corroborated by other gentlemen present.

Mr. NESBITT of Sangamon, has known trees stripped of "body bark" in June, when it can be done, leaving the tree with the alburnum, or new woody growth, in a fluid or milky state, to form a new bark, for the purpose of remedying the rot in fruit. Several gentlemen have known this done to renew the vigor of the tree. Query, (not made upon the occasion,) Will it do it? Iron bolts may be used to prevent trees splitting down. A better method is, however, to graft across a crotch a limb from one branch to the other before danger of splitting down really arrives, and this will prevent such result occurring.

On bringing trees into bearing early.—The experience of many gentlemen was given that root pruning, driving the body full, to greater or less extent, of nails, or boring the body with holes, would induce early bearing, upon the principle that any plant or vegetable growth whose life is threatened, will put forth extra exertions to reproduce itself through its seeds, always, however, at the expense of healthy vitality, and as a cause, of premature death. It is far better to allow trees to mature and bear when ready, unless standing where not permanently wanted.

Mr. C. R. OVERMAN of Bloomington, Illinois, has renewed girdled, injured, and root diseased trees of favorite sorts, by planting vigorous young trees around near them, and bending the top of the small trees to the injured one and grafting it into the body. They readily unite, and soon give the tree a healthy, vigorous growth again, with a renewed root and lease of life. In a few years the original stock may be removed, and the tree remain standing upon several legs or bodies.

A little more desultory conversation was had about evergreens, when the meeting adjourned until Wednesday evening.

Horticultural Notes.

THE 16th Annual Exhibition of the Montreal Horticultural Society took place at the Crystal Palace in that city the last of September, and is said to have been the largest and best ever held by the Society. The Montreal *Herald* in noticing the exhibition alludes to a newly discovered grape as follows: "On the left from the vegetable department we encountered the fruit table. The first were several varieties of grapes from Mr. Bailey, of Plattsburgh. Among them was a new variety never before exhibited, which may be considered one of the most valuable contributions to the Exhibition. For years there has been a demand for a grape for open air culture, suitable for the northern climate. The Concord, Diana, Delaware and others have been introduced. These, however, have suffered from frost, and are deficient in flavor. Mr. Bailey discovered at the foot of the Adirondac a native grape which ripens fifteen days before any other, and is decidedly of better quality, possessing a most delicious flavor, in fact equal to the most delicate hot-house grape. This grape, which Mr. B. names the 'Adirondac,' will prove hardy, with ordinary winter protection, in all the Northern States and Canadas, and will be, par excellence, the grape for the North."

Now this newly discovered grape that is of better quality than the Delaware, fifteen days earlier, and equal to the most delicious hot-house grape, is the greatest acquisition we have heard of in the last twenty years. That is, supposing all that is said of it to be true. But when in the same notice we see the Delaware pronounced deficient in flavor, we are disposed to think the writer was only joking.

A SECOND CROP ON THE NATIVE RED RASPBERRY.—A second crop of red raspberries is now growing upon this year's growth of canes, from which we picked red raspberries last July. The canes are quite full of berries now, and a good many of them ripe, and should the present warm weather continue, there will be a fair supply of that delicious fruit to adorn our tables the second time this year. They are found quite plenty now over the old clearings. I send a stem of the berries inclosed, picked to-day, with ripe and green berries and flowers.—E. R. SMITH, *Hartsgrove, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, Sept. 30, 1861.*

The Ever-Bearing Raspberries, under the influence of our warm, moist weather, which it seems has caused the wild variety to fruit the second time, are growing good fall crops.

FRUIT PLATES.—We had the pleasure, a few days since, of examining two very fine fruit pieces in oil, by Mrs. A. M. MCLEAN, of this city. They are of much more than ordinary merit. The painting of fruit is a difficult art, requiring more knowledge of the characteristics of the different varieties than most artists possess.

NEW AND EXTRAORDINARY STRAWBERRIES, including four large white varieties, seedlings from Wilson's Albany:

Albion, hermaphrodite, large, nearly round, pure white, with a blush tinge at the base; flesh white, very fine, juicy, high flavor; a seedling of the Wilson; plant of strong growth, robust and perfectly hardy; foliage large, thick, dark green, with large petioles, distinct from Lennig's White.

Lennig's White—A seedling of the Wilson; a remarkable berry, large, white, of fine flavor, ripens late; the plant very hardy, vigorous and productive; foliage large and profuse.

White Pineapple—Supposed by some to be identical with the Albion, and may prove so, as they originated from the same parentage, and in the same place; large rank foliage, fruit large, of high flavor, between a peach and pineapple; plant extremely productive and reliable.

Hein's Large White—Another seedling of the same parentage; berry large and high flavored; but as it has only fruited once, requires to be tested another season before deciding fully on its merits.

Hein's Cherry Colored—Another seedling from the Wilson; form very compressed. To be fully tested another season.

Welcome—Of a distinct parentage from the preceding; pistillate. The earliest, handsomest, and most productive variety that combines large size, fine color, and good flavor. Conical, bright light scarlet, very sweet, flesh firm, juicy; a most important acquisition, being calculated to take precedence of all others as an *early* market berry.—WM. R. PRINCE, *Flushing, N. Y.*

THE APPLE CROP IN ORLEANS COUNTY.—We are informed by a leading apple buyer of Albion, that the apple crop in that vicinity is very much larger than was anticipated in the early part of the season. He estimates that the number of barrels shipped this fall will exceed the amount shipped last year by about 20,000 barrels. Last year there were about 60,000 barrels shipped from the county; this year it is estimated there will be about 80,000 barrels sold, of which amount 40,000 barrels will be shipped from Albion. Most of the apples sent from Orleans county go to the New England States, very few of them finding their way to New York. The principal buyers are from Boston, Mass., and Providence, R. I. They are now buying at $1.50 per barrel; they have been as high as $1.75 and $2.00. The apple crop yields an annual average income to the apple raisers of Orleans county of $100,000.—*Rochester Democrat.*

NEW FLOWERS.—Among the new flowers recently shown at the London Exhibitions, are the following:

From Messrs. Downie & Laird came a new branching Intermediate crimson Stock, not better than some out; and from Mrs. Conway, Brompton, some varieties of bedding Geraniums, &c., much behind-hand; and from Mr. Wood, of Bedford Nursery, Hampstead Road, some fancy Pelargoniums which we might have looked at fifteen years ago.

Mr. Dean, of Bradford, contributed a New Zealand Fern called Hypolepis distans, which will, from its creeping and dumpy habit, be valuable as a pot variety, as it will trail over and cover the sides of the basket, or whatever it may be in. For this a label of commendation was awarded.

GRAPES IN SCHUYLER COUNTY.—The Havana *Journal* speaks as follows of grape culture in that place:—Yesterday, Dr. Winton, of this village, showed us through his vineyard. The Doctor has about four acres set with grapes, mostly of the Isabella and Lucy Winton. The Lucy Winton is a native seedling variety that originated in Havana, and so early that it is in condition for the table or market three or four weeks earlier than the Isabella. The vine is perfectly hardy, having been wintered on the trellis without injury. This, together with its good flavor and early ripening qualities, makes it a very valuable variety. It may be cultivated without fear of losing the vines by severe winter weather, or the fruit by early frost in the fall.

WHITE BOUQUET FLOWERS.—The *Gardeners' Chronicle* says:—"We see by a communication of M. Duchartre to the Botanical Society of Paris that there is a great demand for White Lilacs for ladies' bouquets in Paris, in winter, and that as the common White Lilac will not force well and the flowers turn yellow, M. Laurent Aine meets the demand by causing the purple Lilacs de Marly to expand in perfect darkness, at a high temperature. This variety forces very well, and thus treated produces flowers of a pure white, which do not acquire any color if gathered as soon as brought into light.

OSWEGO HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The annual exhibition of the Oswego Horticultural Society took place on the 1st and 2d inst. The *Palladium* says the season has not been favorable for the general perfection of fruit, and some other departments; but the show was, nevertheless, a good one, and presented many pleasing attractions. In the line of vegetables, we never witnessed a finer or more abundant exhibition. The show of apples, pears and grapes was also very fine, far exceeding what might have been anticipated. There was also a beautiful display of flowers, and some fine floral designs. On the whole the display was a rich feast to the eye.

LEAF PLANTS.—At the late meeting of the Fruit Growers of Western New York, Mr. F. STEEL, of Macedon Center, exhibited a very fine collection of plants, with ornamental foliage, worthy of special notice. Mr. S. is an amateur, and the exhibition was peculiarly valuable, as showing what can be done by ordinary means with this interesting class of plants.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From WILLIAM TOMPKINS, Germantown, N. Y., a box of fine grapes, consisting of Concord, Diana, Mary Ann, Raabe, Isabella, Clinton and Catawba. The Mary Ann was new to us—a black grape, resembling Isabella, but quite inferior in quality. The Raabe was the best we have ever seen.

—From F. S. BROWN, Wilson, Niagara county, N. Y., a seedling grape from the Isabella. Mr. B. writes, "the vine is seven years old, and has been in bearing four years. It ripens from the 15th to the 20th of September." This grape resembles the Isabella in appearance; is, we think, of as good quality, and if earlier and hardy, will be valuable. We should have examined this fruit a little more closely as to quality, but it was received on the day the Fruit Growers' Society was in session, and for the purpose of giving the fruit growers an opportunity to test its merits, we presented it to the Society, whose members seemed to have such a high appreciation of its value that the plate was soon empty.

—Inclosed I send *for name* a grape and some of its leaves. I cannot send a fair specimen of the bunch as the midnight prowler has nearly stripped the vine. The grape has been eatable for about two weeks, and is much earlier here than any other grape. Please name it in next number and oblige many subscribers.—C. H., *Corning, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1861.*

This is a native fox grape, and we judge of no value, as it is offensively foxy. It may be early, but we judge not more so than the Hartford Prolific, which is a much better grape.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Descriptive Catalogue of Vines, etc., with explanatory remarks and indications for cultivation, by C. W. GRANT, Iona, near Peekskill, Weschester Co., N. Y. This is a fine catalogue of over 50 pages, profusely illustrated with engravings showing the pruning and training of the vine.

—Catalogue of Vines, Small Fruits, &c., by HEFFRON & BEST, Utica, N. Y. A neat little pamphlet of 25 pages, giving concise descriptions of most of our new native grapes.

—Supplement to the Descriptive Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Seedlings, Roses and Camellias, cultivated at ANDRE LEROY'S Nurseries, Angers, France.

—Catalogue of Newburgh Fruit Garden and Nurseries, and Trade List of Vines for autumn of 1861, by DAUGHADAY & RENNISON, of Newburgh, N. Y.

—Catalogue of Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Grapes, &c., by J. KNOX, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

—Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs, &c., of VILMORIN, ANDREW & Co., Paris, France.

—Wholesale Catalogue of the Faulkner Nurseries, WILLIAMS, RAMSDEN & Co., Dansville, N. Y.

Inquiries and Answers.

THE PETUNIA—(*M. S. H., Kosciusko, Ind.*)—The Petunia flowers the first year from seed.

Domestic Economy.

GOOD COFFEE vs. BAD COFFEE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Especially in the rural districts, and in boarding houses of city and village, nay even the "hotel" of more than ordinary pretentions, do we find *very bad* coffee. Indeed, so seldom is it that we have placed before us a good cup of coffee, or, in other words, a cup of *good coffee*, we go off in ecstacies, and exclaim, "What delicious coffee this is! how excellent," &c., &c., as if it were a great rarity, as it is a great luxury, and requiring some extraordinary display of genius in housewifery to make coffee really palatable.

The cause of failure in making coffee is owing to ignorance, sometimes willful, and generally voluntary, which, if it be either, only serves as an aggravation rather than a palliation of the *crime* of making *bad* coffee; for bad coffee, like *bad whiskey*, when taken into the human stomach, is manifestly a life destroyer, and therefore *bad* coffee should be adjudged "poison," if not the one who vends the adulterated article, a *poisoner!* Yet it would be hard in this country to proscribe poisons of this nature by legislative enactment, coffee being a subject of commerce; and more especially would it be unconstitutional to pass a law retroactive, (an *ex post facto* law,) making the *fair* venders of bad coffee amenable for their past as well as future *murders* and *suicides*. But if the supreme power of the State,—I mean the "Lords of Creation,"—would adopt municipal rules, or domestic regulations in their houses and kitchens, whereby the *sloshy, wishy washy, slush* and *black decoction*, misnamed coffee, should be spilled upon the ground, or in the *swill* barrel, there would soon be a reform in this coffee making, and the health of community would be bettered thereby.

It is not my purpose in this article to show that the use even of *good* coffee is or is not deleterious to the health of mankind, but to awaken an interest in this direction which may be salutary in its results, by impressing all with the importance of making good coffee, if they make any at all. And as the whole community are more or less interested, as they are more or less affected, if an *antidote* for bad coffee be proposed, I hope at least it may be tried before it shall be condemned.

To make *good* coffee it is necessary, in the first place, to procure a good quality of coffee to make it from; but the evil has not, as a general thing, resulted from the material out of which they have attempted to manufacture, but has existed in the manner of manufacturing, or plainer, in ignorance in knowing how to make it. The best coffee is said to be the Mocha, imported from a place by that name on the Red Sea; the next to be preferred is the Java, and the lowest in price is the West Indies and Brazil. The former is not so *good* that in the making it cannot be spoiled, nor is the latter so *bad* that it cannot be made delicious—possessing that fine aromatic flavor which is ever the true test of good coffee. Many spoil their coffee in the first onset, viz., by *burning* it *black* as charcoal instead of *roasting* it as it should be, or in not roasting it enough; for if either be the case it is spoiled. That is to say, the first is absolutely spoiled, while the latter may be remedied by a proper re-roasting. It requires constant and unremitting attention during the process of cooking or roasting, and should not be neglected for a moment; for if but a few kernels are *burned*, it has a tendency to spoil the whole; and it requires but a few moments over a heated stove to ruin it if not attended to as above recommended.

In the second place coffee is spoiled by *boiling*. The fine aromatic oil which produces the flavor and strength of the coffee is thrown off, or dispelled and lost by boiling, and a kind of mucilage is thereby extracted which not only makes it flat but weak and bitter. The true way is to pour boiling water upon it and set it upon the fire, but in no case is it remain thereon to exceed fifteen minutes, for that which should be an infusion, by boiling becomes a decoction, a sedative and an opiate. The coffee pot should be cleansed thoroughly, and never be used without emptying out the grounds or sediment. It is not best to roast a large quantity at once, or grind very much at a time, for, indeed, much of its goodness and flavor escapes when exposed in this condition to the atmosphere; but if for common use and convenience a quantity should be prepared, it should at least be put in some box or vessel and tightly covered; it is better, however, to roast and prepare it as occasion demands. But in no instance buy coffee ground and done up in papers, as you often find it at the grocery or drug store, for even economy would dictate you to raise your own *peas* or *white beans* in preference to paying for them at twenty-five cents

[redacted]

over your fruit.

Those who have but few quinces can make jelly by taking a few of the poorest quinces and the peelings of those used for preserves, cooking in a small quantity of water, and adding an equal amount of sugar.

All jellies are improved by boiling the juice before the sugar is added, and heating the sugar.—A. R., *Victor, N. Y.*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

COMING HOME.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the field to play;

'Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
And saw our home in sight?

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
'Till the march of life is done:

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of paradise
For her children's coming feet!

Chambers' Journal.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THAT LINE OF DISTINCTION.

WHO can be the author of the sentiments conveyed in the piece entitled "Home Work and Office Work," in the RURAL for October 5th? Can they be the ruminations of man or woman? Whose opinions are thus unselfishly exposed to the public?

Our unknown friend considers woman's proper sphere as only compatible with that which the polished furnace decorates. Her accomplishments are to be acquired among the devolving duties of the culinary department. Indeed, friend Anonymous, think you the *genuine wife material* will be seriously impaired by practicing some of the *once considered essential* rules of mathematics which they have toiled long, tedious hours to fully understand and commit? Why have they been compelled to labor during many wearisome school hours, among distasteful pages, for that which brings no subsequent remuneration? Has woman so inferior an intellect, that her brain can contain but one idea, and that idea housekeeping and its contingencies?

I consider the proposition an erroneous one, that woman unfits herself for efficient action in presiding over her future husband's household (for of course she will eventually possess such a "necessary evil,") by entering into the details of any other business than domestic duties during her brief girlhood days. Much the *reverse is my opinion.* Her intellect is strengthened, mind matured, and general womanly character made more beautiful and wholesomely conspicuous, by the opportunity of pursuing such courses as have stimulated her studious career. Is that man's time *lost,* who, though he has trod the classic halls of learning, chooses a retired farmer's quiet, and seeks Home and Happiness away from the Alma Mater of his ennobled genius? Emphatically, NO. He is thus prepared to enjoy true home happiness, inasmuch as he is qualified to adorn his home circle, and, with the unity of his congenial counselor —wife—exert an elevated and refined influence over his household circle. Man cannot confine his capacity to his *future calling,* nor *will* woman.

Many girls there are who are compelled by the decrees of Fate "by the sweat of their brow to earn their daily bread;" and, though I am not personally acquainted with numbers of this class, still I know not why even the *factories* might not employ as great a number of girls worthy the position of *wife,* as the kitchens of our homes tolerate. True, "it is not the duty of every girl to go out into the world;" though there are many who are not so indolently dependent upon generous homes, as to infringe upon the liberality of their kindest benefactors by inactivity.

Ogden, N. Y., 1861. L. B—N.

[redacted]

A SINGLE snow-flake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snow-flakes, obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering upon the mountains to crash in avalanches—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

THE SYRIAN CHILDREN.

CHILDREN in Syria dress precisely as grown people, and even the babies do not look like babies, because their garments are cut in almost the same fashion as those of their parents. This little body, with a purple velvet cap and gold tassel, trailing robes of yellow satin, hands which, in the operation of dyeing, must have cost her as much pain as that suffered by the little Effendi in the process of lacing, looked and bore herself a little Sultana, had she not been decked off by her fond mamma with an enormous lace collar, quite large enough for her great grandmother. But thus it is in the East; the goddess Fashion receives a very questionable sort of homage, and ages pass without the idea once occurring to an Oriental, that to be respectable and to escape the finger of scorn, he must make an occasional alteration in the fashion of his dress. It seems very odd to see the order of things reversed, as it so frequently is in this part of the world; for while the diminutive waist of a Turkish Effendi, or officer, occasionally gives undeniable evidence that he is addicted to the habit of tight lacing, in the case of a lady you only see the loosest of jackets, and waists untouched, even by the girdle, for that is never tightly drawn. I am rejoiced to say of our sex in these climes, that none, as far as I am aware, can be accused of the suicidal practice of tight lacing.—*Syrian Correspondent.*

BODILY HEALTH.

BEAUTY has its foundation in physical well being. Health has its laws, which must be understood and obeyed; and these laws are clearly indicated in our physical and mental constitutions. They demand:

1. Proper food and drink, in such quantities as the system is capable of readily assimilating.
2. Air and sunlight in abundance.
3. Sufficient exercise, rest and sleep.
4. An agreeable temperature.
5. Perfect cleanliness.

Do you envy the good looks of your neighbor Brown's plump and rosy-cheeked daughter. Do you think poor Molly possesses some cosmetic that is beyond your reach? By no means. The whole secret of a full form and rosy cheek lies in pure blood, manufactured from wholesome food, by healthy and active vital organs, oxygenated and vitalized in well-expanded lungs, and kissed by the life-giving sunlight on the surface of the warm cheek. She who will have the color she covets on any other terms, must buy it of the apothecary, and renew it every time she makes her toilet.

A RICH CHILD.—Little Nellie L—— had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and her winning ways gained her many friends. Among these was an excellent lady, Miss N——. A glimpse of Nellie's bright face peeping in at the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N——'s placid features.

She loved to set by the child and softly stroke her hair, and while looking thoughtfully into her smiling eyes, would often say, "Poor, poor Nellie!"

When Nellie shook her head, with her heart too happy to forbode evil, her friend would caress her more fondly, and then say "Poor, little Nellie!"

The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day "Why do you call me poor? Please don't, Miss N——. I'm not poor—why, I've got twenty-five cents and a *good mother!*"

"Rich little Nellie," said her friend. "A good mother! Ah, how long I was learning what this little one knows."

"A good mother!" Could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich?

THE YOUNG WIFE.—"It takes a heroine to be economical," says Miss Muloch. "For will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet than wear her old one a year behind the mode? give a ball, and stint the family dinner for a month after? take a large house, and furnish handsome reception rooms, while her household huddle together anyhow in untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants swelter on shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times to stating plainly, by word or manner:—'My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate, it will not keep comfortably both my family and acquaintance; therefore excuse my prefering the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintance. And, society, if you choose to look in upon us, you must just take us as we are, without any pretenses of any kind; or you may shut the door, and—good-by!'"—*Water-Cure Journal.*

SENSIBLE.—Jane Eyre says:—"I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay, cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you showed too much animation, some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to devote your life to his inanity."

MATRIMONY AND HAPPINESS.—Sam Slick, in his "Wise Saws," says that the nature of matrimony is one thing, and the nature of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker a silent woman, for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic woman, for he can leave her at once to nurse children and get dinner, while he is enjoying himself at parties. A man that hasn't any music in him likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautifully, for they ain't in each other's way. Now, friendship is the other way; you must like the same in each other and be good friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations, (what they call congenial souls;) a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter, and so on. Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterparts.

CHILDREN.—Hard be his fate who makes no childhood happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health—simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations, and he will be happy, and expand in happiness.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE AFFECTIONS.

THIS world hath many a home
That's hidden and unknown,
Quite like a fairy cottage
Not built of wood or stone.
It hath for place secluded
The bosom of a friend,
And thither oft, when absent,
The willing thoughts do tend.
And is that friend a true friend,
Whose sympathies are known,—
That cottage hath an open door
Which ever welcomes home.
Around its consecrated walls
The Ivy loves to play,
And clustering on every side,
Prevents its quick decay.
Upon the old gray door stone,
Thro' elm trees waving shade,
By sunlight and the fluttering leaf
Are curious shadows made.
That Ivy which, with tendrils fine,
Doth ever faithful cling,
Though many summers wax and wane,
And many songsters sing,
Is a symbol of that friendship
Which, faithful, will not die
Though the form that once inspired it
In dust or ruin lie;
And the figures so fantastic,
But all devoid of art,
Are flitting shadows mingled with
The sunshine of the heart.

So Friendship, Love, and Sympathy,
A noble trinity,
Divine appointed, have on earth
A chosen ministry.
They give us broader views of life,
They warn us when in wrong,
They teach us from another's woes
To suffer and be strong.
They prompt to high soul'd word and deed,
To sacrifice and pain,
And in it all that seems a loss
Is really purest gain,—
For all in life that's beautiful
From these bright fountains flow,
Not fragrance of the choicest flowers
Did e'er such sweetness know.

Rochester, 1861. S. H. O.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

POLLOK.

IT will require but a few words to relate the life of the author of the "*Course of Time.*" He was born at Muirhouse, in Scotland, Oct. 19th, 1798. His childhood was spent on his father's farm, but before he was fourteen years old he was put to learn a mechanical trade. It was not to have been expected that a mind like his would have been at home in such an employment. Genius will find the proper field for the display of its powers. You may put BLOOMFIELD upon the shoemaker's bench in a garret; but you cannot keep him from writing the "*Farmer's Boy.*" Even ignorance of literature cannot always prevent the mind from displaying its ability. Some of Hogg's songs were read by the public before their author was able to read them.

But POLLOK was not condemned to pass his time in an uncongenial employment. He soon was permitted to devote his time to the cultivation of his intellect. After spending several years in study, he was licensed as a minister of the gospel in 1825. It was about this period that the "*Course of Time*" was published. But his race was almost run. He died of the consumption Sept. 18th, 1827.

Our author left behind him a few short pieces of poetry that the world has not thought worthy of notice. The case is different with the "*Course of Time.*" It has been extensively read. Doubtless many read it upon its first appearance out of sympathy for its author; and the favorable notice which it received from Prof. WILSON, in the review of which he was editor, helped to bring it into circulation. It was not hastily composed; but the first plan of it was conceived fourteen years before the poem was published. It is not without faults, and gives evidence of being the work of an immature genius; yet no ordinary mind could have produced it. In our opinion, its plan is at least equal to that of "*Paradise Lost,*" and many parts of it are grandly executed. Who but a true poet could have written the description of Lord BYRON or of the meeting of the lovers.

Perhaps POLLOK died at a fortunate period for his reputation as a poet. It is far from being certain that he would have fulfilled the expectations to which the "*Course of Time*" had given birth, in respect to his future productions. Many poets have written their best poems at the commencement of their literary career. The "*Pleasures of the Imagination,*" and the "*Pleasures of Hope,*" were written when their authors were in their twenty-third year. BYRON was only about twenty-four years old when the first two cantoes of "*Childe Harold*" were published. Perhaps SCOTT would have had a higher fame as a poet than he now has, if he had not written any long poem after the publication of the "*Lady of the Lake.*" Every time that an author sends forth a new work after having been successful in one attempt, he jeopardizes at least a part of the reputation that he has already gained. And could POLLOK ever have written another poem as interesting as the "*Course of Time?*" Where would he have found another subject as sublime as the one about which he has sung? He might have produced a poem with fewer blemishes than the one that he has given to the world, but it is questionable whether it would have had as many good qualities.

S. L. LEONARD.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE CLOUDS.

THROUGH all the works of nature, everything is beautiful, perfect, and harmonious, that has not been touched by the blighting hand of sin. The earth bringing forth her increase; the regular succession of spring-time and harvest; the waters separated from the dry land, and the limit established to which they may go, but may not pass; the majestic movement of the planets, the suns and systems revolving in beautiful order around their centers,—all unite to fill our souls with wonder and admiration, and lead us to adore the great Architect of so glorious a universe. Everything is perfect in itself, and occupies its own proper place. But one of the most beautiful accompaniments of our globe are the clouds. So pure, so chaste are they, so far removed from all that could contaminate, who can look upon them without being awakened to higher purposes and aspirations after purity and holiness?

Who has not gazed with delight far away to the western horizon when the chariot of Apollo was lost to view, and only his rays, like streams of light, painted the motionless cumulus clouds that lay pile upon pile, raising their rugged heads like mountains against the sky, with crimson, gold, and azure, and filling with the reflection of his beams the whole blue dome with a flood of glory? Who has not gazed with rapture upon such a scene, and dreamed of Heaven?

How often, too, have we loved to watch the fleecy cirrus borne gracefully along by gentle zephyrs, ever changing, yet ever beautiful, and fancied them to be angels of light looking down with eyes of love and pity, and hovering over us like guardian spirits.

And even Nimbus, rising in his majesty, sending fiery bolts thundering through the heavens, is beautiful and sublime beyond the power of feeble words to portray, and we can look only with feelings of awe upon such a scene, while our souls expand and thrill with emotions of love and gratitude to Him who rules the storm and sends rain upon the just and upon the unjust.

The clouds that darken the sky are often likened to mental obscurations, or clouds of adversity. They vail the heavens at times, it is true, with a thick and almost impenetrable drapery; but when they have dissolved themselves in tears over a suffering world, how the face of nature brightens, and the hills and valleys smile and rejoice in freshness and verdure.

Thus are our trials sent only to interrupt the flood of sunshine that would soon blight and wither all the beautiful blossoms of gratitude springing up along our pathway, and cloudy days are but the harbingers of future joys.

Pike, N. Y., 1861. FREDERIKA FENWOOD.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUGGESTIONS.

IGNORANCE produces half the misery and all the awkwardness of life. The ability to trace causes and infer effects, saves tears, and hence adds years; and wisdom is self-possession.

PEOPLE that never accomplish any thing always *commence;* people that do accomplish something always *begin.* People that cannot sleep always *retire;* people that can sleep *go to bed.* People that are seeming Christians always *attend divine service;* people that are Christians at heart *go to church;* and so forth, showing that the head is too often schooled at the expense of the heart, and that wordy people are not an acting people.

A WRITER'S immortality is proportioned to the amount of *truth* he tells; and when he tells the *whole* truth, as Shakspeare has done, he will enjoy a perfect immortality—if such be possible on earth; for, that we do tell the truth, is all either earth or heaven requires of us.

A PRETTY, and especially a pretty powerful woman, we maintain, is a fatality, both to herself and to others. Witness CLEOPATRA, who killed ANTONY with love and herself with loving. Indeed it may be doubtful whether personal beauty be a blessing or a curse, though, in the face both of reason and example, *women* will regard it in the former light.

BECAUSE all the men to whom the world has attributed genius have come under that class which EMERSON terms the *positive class* in society, we are led to the conclusion, that genius is simply *strong individuality*—that the peculiarity which distinguishes men of genius from other men is, they surpass them in the vital element of being—in *soul.*

AND after all, we don't *live.* We all intend to, or wish we had, but never do. It is thus half an uneasy waiting and half a vain regret, so that we die at last with very little *realized* happiness.

MIGHT should be the servant of right, but not the master; for passive right makes but a poor figure by the side of active might. Hence the former should *dictate,* the latter *enforce.*

A HALF-MEASURE in politics is little better than none, and sometimes worse; because, both parties being equally powerful, neither one gains its own good or conquers the other's evil, and the matter thus becomes only a postponement.

CONCENTRATION is the soul of achievement. One thing at a time and one thing for all time—this is what makes a life successful.

IF WOMEN are less happy than men, it is because they are less selfish—it is because of their charity, their sympathy, their sensibility. Things which, in men, produce but a casual remark or glance, in women produce an earthquake of nerves. Men *philosophize* where women *feel;* and, all sympathy being instantaneous, they become the necessary victims of their own natures, though withal, woman's sorrow is more divine than man's stoicism. Hence it is that the best Christians are women; for religion is essentially a warm and living attribute—the product of the heart. Man's highest sympathy is half self—woman's all charity; man's sufferings are half alleviated through an arrogant egotism—woman's sufferings are complete through a divine resignation. Man's cankers consume ostentatiously—woman's secretly, like the coke-pile.

ALL THEORY *af*-fects more than it *ef*-fects. Indeed, this is the one distinction between theory and practice.

MOST persons ascribe their adversity to Heaven, but their prosperity to their own prudence.

NECESSITY makes what necessity demands.

GENIUS, like charity, "covereth a multitude of sins."

A LITTLE everything desirable is "a dangerous thing." HENRI DUMARS.

Jacksonville, Morgan Co., Ill., 1861.

ANECDOTE OF WHITTIER.—An anecdote of John G. Whittier is told by the *Boston Transcript* as follows: On a recent occasion he was traveling with a friend over a New Hampshire railroad, and during conversation, Mr. Whitter's friend, who is also a member of the Society of Friends, told the poet that he was on his way to contract for a lot of oak timber, which he knew would be used in building gunboats at Portsmouth, and asked him whether he thought it was exactly in consistence with the peace doctrines of the Quaker denomination. Without saying anything calculated to decide the question, the two arrived at their parting place, when Mr. Whittier, shaking his friend's hand, said: "Moses, if thee does furnish any of that oak timber thee spoke of, *be sure that it is all sound.*"

MORAL PERSPECTIVE.—Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in *every* point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of the reality, one in *one.* Truth, like that reality of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in *all* points of view; and though examined under every situation, is one and the same.

IT is as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is contemptible to have a design upon a rich man's money.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

HAS not each one who tarries here
Some guardian in you upper sphere?
Some gentle one, some spirit bright,
To guard them in the path of right;
To save them from each danger nigh,
Cause sorrow from their hearts to fly,
To soothe us when our false friends wound,
To shed their peaceful influence 'round,
To fill our hearts with worthy thought,
And bless us with its love unbought?
O tell me not from that bright sphere
No guardian spirits linger here;
They do, they pour their healing balm,
And make our troubled spirits calm;
Preserve us from temptations power,
And guard and watch us every hour.
They linger near when sorrow weighs,
Rejoice with us in joy's bright days,
And teach us, through the good that's given,
To turn our waiting hearts to heaven.

Geneva, Wisconsin, 1861. D. D. D.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

IT is presumed that every one has in view some favorite object as the end of his exertions in life,—some fancy which his energies shall strive to make real in time,—something on which he may rest his labors as the climax of all his earthly desires. This thing hoped for may differ as do the tastes and circumstances of individuals. One will not view life but from the Hill of Science; another arms himself with one of the professions and sets out for the prize; some perceive the goal to be riches, lying through the labyrinths of mercantile and other pursuits; while others find it where

> Battles' blood-red billows clash
> And tides of slaughter flow.

To live to some purpose is well if selfish desires do not stimulate us in the attainment of the desired object; if, instead of self-glory, distinction in life is sought only for the good of the human race. If the true principles of humanity actuate the mind in its exertions, it will apply itself in practice to the execution of those principles, being content to accept distinction as a natural result. One great man influences the welfare of thousands of his fellows; therefore if he acts for their best good and dearest rights, he is naturally respected as a benefactor. And as public opinion sits in judgment upon the actions of men, we see why "the good alone are great." He who commands the fear rather than the love and respect of his fellow men, possesses a fame which affords him but little pleasure. ALEXANDER, though ruler of the world, admired the philosophy, and longed for the independence, of DIOGENES. Truly, he who conquers only to conquer, occupies no enviable place on the page of history.

It is because WASHINGTON labored solely for the good of humanity that his name is loved by his country, and revered by the world. It is because the great Italian hero claims his right to be simply GUISEPPE GARIBALDI and the true friend of the land of the CÆSARS, that the peans of the civilized world proclaim his glory.

Again, he who lives and toils to accumulate wealth *per se,* lives and toils to no purpose. Money is a powerful lever for the elevation of man's condition if properly applied, and from this purpose it should not be perverted. There is enough wealth in the world to materially benefit the human family if its possessors would but learn its proper use. The miserly accumulation of wealth is one of the most senseless things imaginable. The miser contrives and calculates, counts and computes, making investments with as much care and concern as if his life depended upon the further acquisition of a cent, —accumulating money with which to make more,— always drawing it from its proper channels and heaping up to no purpose; and when death comes he goes into eternity with his hands empty, and unhappy with the consciousness of being a public robber. And this class of men is not few in numbers. The spirit of selfish gain, we are sorry to say, is the *animus* of the exertions of thousands of our business men; and in its effects on them it tends to harden their hearts, destroy the finer and nobler feelings of their natures, causes contentions, makes paupers, and then oppresses them; destroys communities, and leads to the destruction of free institutions.

We are intelligent beings, endowed with minds capable of forming ideas and gaining knowledge. It is certainly necessary that we should gain a knowledge of business; but let us also learn to comprehend the great cause of our existence; learn that "'tis not all of life to live" and make money, or glory for ourselves, but that we should improve what GOD has given us, storing up knowledge while here which will fit us to do good to our fellow men, and which will prepare us to enter joyfully upon an unending eternity. LEVITE.

Litchfield, Pa., 1861.

FAMILY RELIGION.

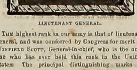
A WANT of familiarity between parents and children upon religious matters, and a constrained intercourse between them, is a key to the failure of many parents in their efforts to train children in the way they should go, as well as a fruitful source of infidelity in the child. A want of freedom begets a want of confidence mutually, the natural result of which is a loss of religious influence on the one part, and a want of filial trust on the other. The godly mother holds in her hands the spiritual destiny of her child, and may wield a power to save it, of inconceivable greatness. Beginning with the mind in its most impressible state, she may write upon "the fleshly tables of the heart" lessons which can never be forgotten. For the religious influences of a Christian home, and the godly instruction of pious parents, there are no substitutes. The want of these is a religious bereavement for life. The Sunday school is a powerful auxiliary, and as such deserves the patronage and support of every parent; but the instruction of the Sunday school can never be relied upon as a substitute for that instruction which God commands the parent to give his child in his own house. The two may well combine and work harmoniously to produce the same fruits—the salvation of souls.

IN the long run, that Christian will come out well who works cheerfully, hopefully, heartily, without wasting his energies upon vain regrets and passionate murmurings. The bird sings in the storm; why may not the child of God rejoice too, even though passing clouds lower?

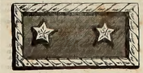
THE best atonement for evil deeds is to set about the performance of worthier ones.

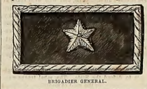
INSIGNIA OF RANK IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN the RURAL of September 28th, we published an article giving the mode of ascertaining by a glance the rank of an officer in the United States Army. Although our exposition was full and explicit in description, it would require some little experience in military affairs to make it valuable, hence we now give our readers a *fac-simile* of the marks distinguishing the various grades of rank.

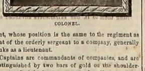

LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

THE highest rank in our army is that of lieutenant general, and was conferred by Congress for merit on WINFIELD SCOTT, General-in-chief, who is the only one who has ever held this rank in the United States. The principal distinguishing marks of uniform are three stars on the shoulder-strap or epaulette — a large one in the middle flanked by two smaller ones — a double row of nine buttons on the coat disposed in threes, a buff sash, a straight sword, and a sword knot terminating in acorns. A major general is the same, but with only two stars on the shoulder. A brigadier general has one star, and the buttons on his coat number but eight in each row, disposed in twos. The colonel is the highest in rank in a regiment, and wears an eagle on his strap, the buttons on his coat in double lines numbering eight at equal distances. When this officer is placed in charge of a brigade he is called a colonel commanding.


MAJOR GENERAL.


BRIGADIER GENERAL.

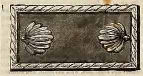
A lieutenant colonel is second in command of a regiment, and is known by the leaf on his strap, which is of silver, otherwise his uniform is the same as a colonel's. The major's is also the same, the leaf being of gold. His duty is to act as aid-de-camp of the colonel, and in the event of his two superior officers being disabled or absent, he takes command of the regiment; these three constitute the field officers of a regiment, and are mounted. The adjutant, whose position is the same to the regiment as that of the orderly sergeant to a company, generally ranks as a lieutenant.


COLONEL.

Captains are commandants of companies, and are distinguished by two bars of gold on the shoulder-strap, and eight buttons at regular distances in a single row on the coat; the first lieutenant the same, but with one bar on the strap, the second lieutenant having a plain strap without marks. These last are called line officers; all regimental officers wear a red sash.

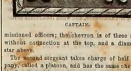
The surgeon ranks as first lieutenant in the volunteer service, and as major in the regulars, and has the letters M. S. — medical staff — embroidered on his strap, which otherwise is the same as a first lieutenant; also wears a green sash. The quartermaster also takes a lieutenant's rank, and has the letters Q. D. — quartermaster's department — embroidered on his strap; the paymaster the same, with the letters P. D. — paymaster's department — and the commissary with the letters C. D. — commissary department.

These constitute (with the chaplain, who wears no marks, only plain clothes of uniform cut) the regimental staff, and are all allowed to have horses. The non-commissioned officers are hospital stewards, whose business it is to attend to the hospital stores, and all the details of the hospital department, under the orders of the surgeon. His insignia is a green band on the upper arm, with a serpent entwined round a winged staff embroidered on it.

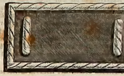

LIEUTENANT COLONEL AND MAJOR.

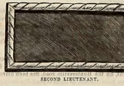
The sergeant major is second sergeant in the regiment, and acts as assistant to the adjutant. He wears a chevron (V) of three stripes, connected at the top by half circular continuations. The quartermaster's business is the management of the details of that department; his chevron is straight across the top.

The orderly sergeant is first sergeant in the company, and commands it in the absence of commissioned officers; the chevron is of three stripes, without connection at the top, and a diamond or star above.


CAPTAIN.

The second sergeant takes charge of half a company, called a platoon, and has the same chevron as the first, but without a diamond. The corporals are in charge of sections or quarters of a company, and are distinguished by but two bars in the chevron. Of the swords the cavalry saber is longest, and has a steel scabbard. The field officers come next; the scabbard being of chocolate enamel, with gilt trimmings. The line officers, plainer and shorter, with a sheath of black leather. A general officer's weapon is straight, with a gilt scabbard; regimental staff is straight and short. Musicians and non-commissioned officers being shorter still, and more for show than use.


FIRST LIEUTENANT.


SECOND LIEUTENANT.

The color of the shoulder-straps denotes the arm of the service — infantry being blue; artillery, red; cavalry, orange; and rifles, green.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"No flag but the old flag — the red, white, and blue,
With the stars of a Union unbroken and true;
Arise and defend it! ye sons of the brave,
Whose blood bought the banner your valor must save."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 19, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Retirement of Com. Stringham.

THE sudden retirement of Commodore Stringham just after his brilliant expedition against Forts Hatteras and Clark, in conjunction with Major-Gen. Butler, filled the minds of Union men with perplexity, and the reasons for this movement are only now being made public. In the quarrels between military men, or naval officers, and civilians in power, we have no interest, except so far as the safety of the nation is endangered thereby,—such matters are turned over to the care of politicians, who will, no doubt, find them congenial, but the case of Commodore Stringham has assumed such magnitude that we give the causes for his action, as contained in the "log" of his vessel, the Minnesota:

HAMPTON ROADS, Sept. 23, 1861.

Flag-officer Stringham having asked previously to be relieved, and having been detached, bade farewell to the officers and crew, and Commodore Goldsborough took command of the squadron. Before taking his departure, Commodore Stringham explained to all the officers and crew assembled on the quarter deck, the reasons why he had asked to be relieved from the command of "the Atlantic blockading squadron." He said that some time ago the U. S. sloop-of-war Jamestown came into the roads with two water tanks bursted, to have them repaired. He said that as water was of the utmost importance on board of a ship, especially a man-of-war, and being a "great water man" himself, he saw the necessity of having the tanks properly repaired; consequently he deemed it expedient to send her to New York, which he did.

Shortly afterwards, the United States gun-boat Flag came in with her wood-ends started and bowsprit gone, having been in collision with the United States frigate Susquehanna. He sent her round to the Washington navy yard to have her repaired. He had had command of three navy yards, and knew perfectly well that the Flag could be repaired in two days, whereas it would consume a week here (as it really did) to finish her. The Department sent the Flag back again to Hampton Roads, and at the same time wrote him a letter censuring him for want of proper judgment and ability to have command of this squadron. The Department suggested that the Flag could have been repaired at Newport News—a most ridiculous suggestion to any one who is acquainted with the place. He then read to the officers and crew the correspondence which passed between himself and the Department, and commented upon them, but not in lengthened speech. He said he was too much excited and affected to give a full expression to his feelings. He wished us all well, said the Minnesota was a fine ship, and that we had done our duty, upon every occasion, to his satisfaction, and that if any one thought we could have done better at Hatteras, they had better try some other place.

He then bade us farewell and returned to his cabin deeply affected, as were most of the officers and ship's company. After having changed his uniform and put on civilian's dress, he left his cabin for the last time. The Marine Guard, under Capt. Shuttleworth, were drawn down on the port side of the quarter deck. Fronting them, on the starboard side, were ranged the officers, according to rank. The sailors thronged the remainder of the spar deck, with heads uncovered, leaving a space open to the gangway, where stood our boatswain, ready to pipe him over the side. After lingering a short time by the cabin door, to give some direction as to the disposition of his baggage, the old gentleman, alone and unattended, advanced to the line and shook hands with each one separately. Upon reaching the gangway he raised his hat to the men, whipped nimbly over the side and entered his barge which was lying alongside. The word "Lay aloft," was given, and in an instant every man was in the rigging, and from truck to dead eye nine rousing cheers went up for as good and brave a man as ever trod a war ship's deck.

To the Loyal Women of the Country.

THE Sanitary Commission in Washington, acting with the advice and consent of the Secretary of War, have issued an appeal to the "Loyal Women of America," inviting contributions to the comfort of the soldiers now in service. We extract from the address so much as relates to the mode of responding to the demand that is thus made on their benevolence and their loyalty:

"It is suggested that societies be at once formed in every neighborhood where they are not already established, and that existing societies of suitable organization, as Dorcas Societies, Sewing Societies, Reading Clubs, and Sociables, devote themselves, for a time, to the sacred service of their country; that energetic and respectable committees be appointed to call from house to house and store to store, to obtain contributions in materials suitable to be made up, or money for the purchase of such materials; that collections be made in churches and schools and factories and shops for the same purpose; that contribution boxes be placed in post-offices, newspaper offices, railroad and telegraph offices, public houses, steamboats and ferry boats, and in all suitable places, labeled 'FOR OUR SICK AND WOUNDED;' and that all loyal women meet at such convenient times and places as may be agreed upon in each neighborhood or social circle, to work upon the materials which shall be so procured.

"Every woman in the country can, at the least, knit a pair of woolen stockings, or, if not, can purchase them. In each town let there be concert on this subject, taking care that three or four sizes are provided. Fix upon a place for receiving, and a date when a package shall be transmitted, and send it as soon as possible to the most convenient of the depots of the Commission.

"The articles most wanted are blankets for single beds; quilts, of cheap material, about seven feet long by fifty inches wide; knit woolen socks; woolen or canton flannel bedgowns, wrappers, undershirts, and drawers; small hair and feather pillows and cushions for wounded limbs; and slippers.

"Also, delicacies for the sick—such as farina, arrow-root, corn-starch, condensed milk, and nicely dried fruit—can be advantageously distributed by the Commission. Jellies should be carefully prepared to avoid fermentation, and most securely packed. Many articles of clothing have been injured, in packages heretofore sent the Commission, by the breaking of jars and bottles. Over every vessel containing jelly, strew white sugar to the depth of half an inch, and paste white paper (not brandied) over the mouth. Jellies sent in stone bottles arrive in the best condition, and there is no difficulty in removing the contents for use. Every bottle, &c., containing jelly should be labeled. Aromatic spirits and waters; light and easy chairs, for convalescents; nicely made splints for wounded limbs; checker and backgammon boards, and like articles for the amusement of wounded men; books, for desultory reading and magazines, especially if illustrated, will be useful.

"All articles should be closely packed in wooden boxes, or in very strongly wrapped bales, and clearly directed. On the top of the contents of each box, under the cover, a list of what it contains should be placed; a duplicate of this list should be sent by mail. Arrangements for free transportation should be made, or freight be paid in advance. (The express companies will generally convey goods for this purpose at a reduction of the usual rates.) Packages may be directed and sent, as is most economical, to any point, to any of the addresses below—'For the United States Sanitary Commission;'

"Office of the Woman's Central Relief Association, Cooper Union, No. 10 Third avenue, New York.

"Care of Samuel and William Welsh, No. 218 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

"Care of Dr. S. G. Howe, 20 Broomfield street, Boston.

"Care of Dr. W. H. Mussey, Cincinnati.

"Care of Dr. C. D. Griswold, Wheeling, Virginia.

"Care of F. L. Olmstead, 211 F street, Washington, D. C."

Union Prisoners at Charleston.

THE Charleston *Mercury* gives an account of the arrival of "one hundred and fifty-four Yankee prisoners of war" in that city. The reception of these unarmed "Yankees" must have been very gratifying if they are at all vain, for we observe that it required eight companies of infantry, two of cavalry and the Louisiana volunteers—all composed, no doubt, of the flower of Southern Chivalry, to escort them to the jail. The *Mercury* says:

Yesterday, the Yankee prisoners of war, who had been expected on Thursday, reached the city, at an hour when most of our citizens were probably still slumbering in their beds. The arrangements for their reception, which had been made by Colonel Branch, commanding the military, were carried out quietly and in the most satisfactory manner. The detail for this service was the First regiment of rifles, to which was attached a squad of Cavalry. Owing to the fact that the train was expected at midnight, the detail was larger than it would have otherwise been.

The several companies were under arms all night. At 5.45 A. M. the order to form was given—the train having been signalled. The Zouave Cadets, Captain Chichester, were specially detailed to receive the prisoners from the cars. On the right of the Zouaves the first platoon of the Louisiana volunteers were posted—on the left the second platoon—leaving an opening for the prisoners to march into the square, the officers entering first, followed by the soldiers.—As soon as this was completed, the prisoners, with their guard were marched into another hollow square formed of the Washington Light Infantry on the right, the German Riflemen on the left, the Beauregard Light Infantry and Moultrie Guard on the right flank, and the Palmetto Riflemen, Carolina Light Infantry and Jamison Rifles on the left flank. In this order, accompanied by the Charleston Light Dragoons in front, and the German Hussars in the rear, they proceeded to the jail, where proper arrangements had previously been made.

The Zouaves were detailed for guard duty at the jail. The Yankee officers, thirty-four in number, were placed in three good airy rooms on the second floor of the jail. The privates to the number of one hundred and twenty, occupy twelve rooms in the uppermost story of the building. None of the rooms contain any furniture, but the prisoners all having their blankets, were at no loss to make themselves tolerably comfortable.

We endeavored to get a copy of the roll of the prisoners, but this was refused by the officer in charge of the military guard, as a possible breach of his duty. We have ascertained, however, that among the prisoners are the following officers:

Colonel Wilcox, Michigan First; Col. Corcoran, New York Sixty-ninth; Lieutenant Colonel Neff, Second Kentucky (?); Major John W. Potter, Thirty-eighth New York; Rev. G. W. Dodge, Chaplain, Eleventh New York; Rev. H. Eddy, Chaplain, Second Connecticut.

Surgeons — Griswold, Thirty-eighth New York; Grey, United States Army; Stone, United States Army; Connolly, Second New York; Harris, Second Rhode Island.

Captains—Downey, Eleventh New York; Fish, Thirty-second New York; French, Seventy-ninth New York; Drew, Second Vermont; Shurtliff, Seventh Ohio; L. Gordon, Eleventh Massachusetts; Whittington and Jenkins.

Lieutenants—Toy, Twenty-fifth New York; Hamblin, (son of the actor of that name,) Thirty-eighth New York; Underhill, Eleventh New York; Worcester, Seventy-first New York; Dempsey, Second New York; Wilcox, Seventh Ohio; Gordon, Second Dragoons, United States Army; Kent, United State Army; Caleff, Eleventh Massachusetts; Connolly, Sixty-ninth New York.

The privates are nearly all from Michigan, Massachusetts and New York. A Richmond paper had mentioned these prisoners as having been "selected chiefly from among those who had evinced the most insolent and insubordinate disposition," but their deportment yesterday was generally as orderly as could be desired. They all wear their uniforms, although some of these are in a somewhat dilapidated condition. The officers have trunks, but the men are encumbered by no superfluous baggage. Some of the officers, including Corcoran, are not yet wholly recovered from their wounds. They are generally abundantly provided with money, (specie,) and were very solicitous to be allowed to hire a cook to prepare their meals. We learn that instead of the usual coarse prison fare, they will be served with good substantial rations from the Commissary Department.

When they first arrived they were generally taciturn, but during the day became communicative, in some instances even loquacious. We may mention, that they evinced a holy horror for the newspaper reporters—the very natural consequence of their experience with the representatives of the unprincipled press of the North. Their views with regard to their probable treatment here were various. Some of them imagined that they were to be placed immediately in irons, while others, (especially the officers,) labored under the fond halucination that they were to be liberated on parole. Many of them busied themselves with devising propositions to communicate by letter to their friends. The plan most popular amongst them seemed to be to have their packages of letters sent out to the blockading fleet under a flag of truce.

The prisoners will remain in the jail until next Tuesday, by which time it is expected that Castle Pinckney will be ready for their reception.

Movements near New Orleans.

SOME few days since the St. Louis papers contained a statement that New Orleans had been bombarded and captured by Federal troops, and though we think very little reliance can be placed upon the report, still it is evident that extensive preparations are being made with this object in view. It is now ten days since the news reached New York city that Chandeleur and Ship Islands, with Mississippi City, had been occupied by our men. Later intelligence received by way of Louisville, confirms that statement, so far as respects the Islands; and adds that on the first named of those the Government has landed lumber sufficient to build accomodations for from 10,000 to 12,000 troops. Of the occupation of that aspiring hamlet, yclept Mississippi City, situated on the mainland, on the road between New Orleans and Mobile, nothing is said; and we take for granted that if a landing was effected there, it was only for temporary purposes, since no special object could be secured by its permanent occupancy.

The Islands in question, says the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, form two groups, the Chandeleur cluster lying nearly due East of New Orleans, and within twenty-five miles of the Parish of St. Bernard, Louisiana. On both the mainland and the Islands the land is low, swampy, and mostly uninhabitable. The principal Island is a long, narrow belt, inclosing the small cluster, and having a light at its Northern extremity. This was extinguished at the beginning of the insurrection, but has since been replaced.

The Ship Island group, named after the principal Island, lie further North, being mostly within fifteen miles of the coast of Mississippi, from which they are separated by a bay of the same name. Lake Borgne, which approaches to within twelve miles of New Orleans, may be considered as only a prolongation of this bay; and both are commanded by the Islands in question. All those waters, however, are exceedingly shallow, the sea being filled up almost to its surface with the alluvium brought down by the Mississippi. At high tides, however, they can be navigated by vessels drawing from three to five feet; while the Rigolets open a channel into Lake Pontchartrain. The sheet is forty miles long and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, sweeping all round the Crescent City on the North, at a distance of only five miles. A railroad and canal connect the city with the lake. At Englishtown, below New Orleans, there is a railroad reaching to Lake Borgne. It appears that some batteries have been constructed on these several lines of approach; but all accounts represent them as being very weak and likely to prove of small account against a formidable force.

We infer that the piles of lumber landed at Chandeleur Island will not all be converted into dwellings for Uncle Samuel's soldiers. A large army would be of as little service there, by way of permanent occupation, as on the coast of Greenland. But while it is collecting, a powerful fleet of flat bottomed vessels could be built; and with these access could readily be obtained into New Orleans from the rear. We opine that the lumber will be mostly turned to this use. Our army is largely recruited from Northern mechanics; and boat builders will be found in abundance there. By the time we are writing it is probable that a hundred of those vessels, fit for the transportation of all departments of the service in smooth shallow waters, have been built. They may even now be on their way to the lakes and bayous of Southeastern Louisiana, with every prospect of acquiring possession of its principal city.

Every advantage is on their side. They can threaten any point, or make a landing wherever they choose. While our ships are closing the regular entrances and menacing New Orleans from below, those light and nimble squadrons can run up the channels and lakes in the flank or rear, the troops on board debarking wherever it is most convenient. This is not all, however. New Orleans is now full of disaffection to the rebel movement, and will welcome our troops with a hearty greeting. She never went into the insurrection with spirit; to the last practicable moment her capitalists held out against the despotism of Davis; her banking institutions only gave way in the final extremity, when holding out longer would have depleted them of their coin; her business has been blighted in spite of all her efforts to increase it. In a word, it has seemed as if the angel in the Apocalyptic vision had poured out his vial on the Mississippi instead of the Euphrates, and that "its waters were dried up that the way of the (Vi) Kings of the East might be prepared."

We need not anticipate the effect which a blow of the sort would produce at the South. It would completely paralyze the Confederacy from center to circumference. It would be instantly followed by such a storm of abuse against the Davis "government," that it must fall to the ground under the shock. The capture of the forts on Hatteras Inlet was but a mere whiff in comparison; yet what a tempest of indignation was excited in rebel-dom by that event. Followed, as the conquest of New Orleans would certainly be, by a break up in the insurgent army, and the loss of confidence in its leaders everywhere, we should find the true route to Richmond open forthwith. Brilliant as these anticipations may appear, after so many reverses, we have every reason to believe that they will become glorious realities before the lapse of many weeks. "Onward to Richmond," then, via the Crescent City!

Lane's Victory at Osceola.

IN the last issue of the RURAL we gave a brief telegram concerning the descent of Gen. LANE upon Osceola, a battle, and victory for the Federal troops. The Chicago *Tribune* of the 5th inst. has the following:

Mr. Mills brings us the details of the late affair at Osceola, in which Gens. Lane and Montgomery were engaged. They left West Point, Lane's headquarters, two weeks ago yesterday, and by a forced march of 80 miles, came in sight of Osceola Sunday morning. The command was divided, Montgomery leading the first division of 1,500 men, Lane in command of the reserves. As Montgomery approached the town by a road at the bottom of a ravine, he was fired upon by a squad with two cannon on the high ground, where the road rises to the plain. The line of the fire was in the direction of the length of our column, but the grape shot flew over our boys' heads without touching a single man. A charge of the cavalry was ordered, and in two minutes the guns were in our possession, the rebels fleeing like so many sheep.

Entering the town, the command was fired upon by secessionists concealed in the houses along the streets, and on reaching the public square, a sharp skirmish ensued to dislodge them, during which two of our men were killed and three wounded, the enemy meanwhile losing seventeen killed and twenty-seven wounded. Resistance at last ceased, and Lane, who had come up to punish the treachery which shot down his men after the troops had fled the field, adopted severe measures. He loaded all the wagons he could find with the army material which was stored there by Price for safety and distribution when needed, then securing the public records of the county, set fire to the place and burned it, leaving only three houses standing. With his immense train of supplies, 350 horses and mules, 400 head of Price's cattle, large droves of sheep and swine, with as many "contrabands" as he could employ, he made his way to West Point unpursued. Among his prisoners was one Marcellus Harris, Price's Commissary, who being the murderer of Dr. Sharp in Kansas in 1856, will have a hard road to travel. He is the richest man in St. Clair county, and more desperate than wealthy. It was understood that he was to be tried by a court martial for his horrible offences against peaceable Union men, and that he would be shot.

Important Intelligence from Lexington.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* of Oct. 5th contains the following interesting details of an interview with Capt. NEET, of Co. K, Fourteenth Missouri Volunteers, under Col. White. The Captain was one of the prisoners surrendered by Col. Mulligan, and was lucky enough to make his escape from the hands of the rebels on Monday last. Capt. N. is an old resident of Lafayette county, knows the locality of Lexington perfectly, was one of the Home Guards when his company joined the command of Colonel White, and seems to be a very intelligent and reliable man.

Captain Neet says he was relieved from captivity on Thursday of last week on parole, and had proceeded across the river on his way to the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, when he was seized by order of Gen. Price, taken back to Lexington and committed to jail. From his jail quarters he could observe to some extent the movements of the rebels, and what he could not see he gathered from his guards and from conversations with Major Sevier, the Provost Marshal under the rebel reign at Lexington.

He says that all day last Saturday General Harris' division of about 6,000 men were crossing the river to the north, or rather north-west, on the two ferry boats and the small steamer Clara Belle. The destination of this expedition he could not in any way ascertain. On Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, he was awakened from his sleep by a brisk cannonading from the direction of Harris' forces, the sound coming to his ears very distinctly, and giving him the impression that the scene of the firing was not far from the river bank. This cannonading continued, he thinks, about half an hour.

About daylight the cannonading was again resumed, and seemed to be nearer. The rattling of musketry was also heard, and the whole fight, as it seemed to be, was kept up vigorously until about ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Shortly afterwards it became very apparent that Harris' force was retreating across the river, as he saw men running along the streets as wet as though they had been swimming the river, and he heard some of them saying that Harris' baggage train had been captured by Sturgis with an army of 7,000 men, and that Harris' men were coming across the river.

Capt. Neet says he heard Major Sevier telling the same thing to some of the officers. He could not learn any particulars of the fight, only that one of the ferry boats, the Isaac Binker — formerly used at Brunswick — was sunk. On the same afternoon (Sunday) the whole rebel army commenced moving out of Lexington, taking the direction, as far as he could learn, of the missionary road leading to the south-west. He could see the columns moving very plainly from his place of confinement. This movement continued all Sunday night and all day Monday up to the time he was taken out of the jail, which was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon.

Captain Neet says he was released by the Provost Marshal, Major Sevier, and taken immediately before General Price, where witnesses were produced against him on a charge of having robbed some of the storehouses of Lexington while on duty as a Home Guard. The examination was hasty, and was brought to an abrupt close by Gen. Price, who said that the proof was not sufficient to hold him as a prisoner in jail, and so released him, as before, on parole, directing him to report himself again to him at five o'clock that afternoon, when other witnesses would be produced. The limits of his freedom were all that part of Lexington south of Main street.

Between three and five o'clock Capt. Neet concluded to try an escape, and accordingly, in the midst of the confusion, stole out of town and hid himself in a cornfield bordering on the Independence road. About five o'clock he saw General Price and staff, and his rear guard, pass along by his hiding place, and he heard from the loud talk of the troops that they were going to Baker's Hill, about eight miles from town, where they intended to fortify themselves to meet the attack of Siegel and Fremont, who were coming on them with forty thousand troops. Baker's Hill, Capt. Neet says, is the highest eminence in that part of the country, and is well adapted for a place of defence. He says he cannot say positively that this was the design of Price. He only heard it talked about among the troops.

On Monday night Capt. Neet made his way to Freedom township, a Dutch settlement twenty-four miles off. Here he was joined by Major Becker who had also escaped; and the next day they both struck across the country for Sedalia, which place they reached in safety.

Major Sevier told Capt. Neet on Friday last, that on that day they issued 46,000 rations. Capt. Neet thinks the rebel army will reach 50,000. They are badly clothed, but the majority of them well armed.

Department of the West.

KENTUCKY.—The news from Kentucky is cheering. Jno. J. Crittenden, in spite of his advanced age, is the first private in the Frankfort Home Guard, and has declared his intention to go into camp and remain in service until every rebel is driven from the soil of Kentucky.

The resolution of the Kentucky Legislature, giving command of the State Guard to T. L. Crittenden, the gallant son of the old ex-Senator, has completely broken up that organization, into which the traitor Simon Bolivar Buckner and Governor Magoffin had infused the leaven of treason. The conduct of these traitors had driven from the State Guard all the Union men who could not be corrupted, and made it the nucleus for a rebel army in Kentucky. The proclamation of General Crittenden when he was placed in command, showed plainly that he intended to use the force for the defence of the Union and the crushing out of treason. The consequence was an abandonment of the organization. In the meantime the Union men throughout the State are filling the ranks of the Home Guard more rapidly than they can be supplied with arms and equipments.

Col. Hawkins' Kentucky regiment has occupied Owensburg, and Judge Williams is rapidly filling up a regiment in the first district, which was formerly the secession hot-bed.

The Cincinnati *Commercial's* Flemingsburg (Ky.) correspondent says a messenger from Hillsboro arrived at that place, stating that a company of rebels, about 200 strong, under command of Capt. Holiday, of Nichols county, were advancing on Hillsboro for the purpose of burning the place and attacking Flemingsburg. Lieuts. Sadler and Sergeant were dispatched with 50 Home Guards to intercept them. The enemy was found two miles beyond Hillsboro encamped in a barn. Our men opened fire on them, causing them to fly in all directions. The engagement lasted about 20 minutes. We captured 127 Enfield rifles, a large number of sabres, pistols, bowie knives, and cavalry accoutrements. Our loss was three killed and two wounded.

Special advices from Paducah represent that our troops are preparing for the reception of the rebels, who are in heavy force, and said to be advancing against that place. Women and children are being sent away. Everything indicates an approaching struggle.

MISSOURI.—News has reached St. Louis that about two weeks ago, John Ross, Chief of the Cherokees, had called by proclamation 8,000 Cherokees around him and declared for the Union. Read, an influential half breed, and leader of the rebel party, had raised a revolt, and had a skirmish with Ross' body guard, in which the latter was victorious.

One hundred of the soldiers wounded at the battle of Lexington arrived at St. Louis on the 6th inst.

Thirty-five of our wounded arrived on the 4th inst. Three ambulances left the next morning, and others will soon start for that place, to bring away more of the wounded, about 100 of whom still remain there.

Letters received here from the south-west say that many of the wealthy and most prominent citizens in that region are moving their families and effects to the South.

Captain Asa G. Smith, at the head of some 1,500 Union men, is punishing secessionists in Barry and Stone counties.

From information received from scouts, there are about 11,000 armed rebels scattered over the south-western portion of this State, including between 6,000 and 7,000 men at Camp Walker, Arkansas, eight miles below the Missouri line, under command of young Ben. McCulloch.

Major Wright, of the Home Guards, furnishes the following statement to the St. Louis *Press*:

A physician, well known to the Major, whose name I am not permitted to use, arrived from the south-west on Tuesday evening. This physician was formerly a partner of Dr. Snell, McCulloch's army surgeon. The former very recently had an interview with his old partner, and was told by him that in the battle of Springfield, McCulloch was shot through the hip, and a glance ball also struck him in the forehead. Soon after making his report of the battle, McCulloch, with the Texas forces, was ordered back to Texas, but after reaching Camp Chesapeake, near Mount Vernon, he died of his wounds.

Before he expired he spoke freely of the manner of his treatment by the Missourians, and declared that if he had known the true position of affairs he never would have entered the State. His body was placed in a metallic coffin and conveyed to Texas. His death was concealed even from his own men for a time, it being the policy of the surviving leaders to operate on the prestige of his name. His son, Ben. McCulloch, Jr., was therefore placed in nominal command, in order to keep up the deception. Major Wright, who is an old acquaintance of McCulloch, having as late as winter before last ranged with him 100 miles up the Colorado River, is convinced that the latter is dead.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* on the 7th inst. writes as follows:

The plan of Price after he captured Lexington was to remain for a time, and operate on the north side of the river; and for this purpose, on Saturday, the 28th of September, he crossed over the river at Lexington, with 4,000 mounted men. This force took up the line of march for the railroad, with the view of its total destruction, and then sad havoc was to be made with all government forces in north-west Missouri, but late in the evening Alfred Jones, who had been released as a prisoner at the arsenal, where he had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, returned from St. Louis to Lexington, reported that the whole country below was alive with troops, that Fremont was after Price, and that Price might prepare for a big fight in a few days. When Jones announced that Fremont had 30,000 men, the latter countermanded his order for sending troops to the railroad, and a messenger was immediately dispatched after those already started, and they recrossed the river on Sunday evening. That night Price issued his order for a movement south, and General Rains, it is said, went twenty miles that night on the southern route, and it is believed Gov. Jackson availed himself of this command as an escort to get himself out of danger.

Price and all his forces left Monday, the 30th ult., but his train of baggage wagons, about 1,200 in number, did not all get off before Wednesday morning.

If Price had designed to fight with Fremont, he would have taken the Georgetown road, or possibly the Warrensburgh road, but instead of this he has gone the road leading down the western boundary of the State, and to the south-west.

I have given a plain narrative of facts as they have transpired here, and if Price does not make a stand and give battle, all who are cognizant of his movements will be disappointed. His most intelligent friends consider his course a complete breakdown, while the more verdant are solaced with the idea that he has gone to meet McCulloch, who from the most reliable information is somewhere in Arkansas. The forces of Price were very large at Lexington, but many of the men were only for the occasion, and have gone home. His force was 15,000 or 18,000 when he left Lexington, and when it becomes certain that his destination is Arkansas, his force will be decreased.

Department of Western Virginia.

By telegraph from Elk Water to the 10th inst., we learn that Gen. Reynolds has made two reconnoisances in force, within the last few days, against Gen. Lee, and has driven him from Big Spring, the former rendezvous of his main force. Part of his force are now at Elk Mountain and Green Briar Bridge, respectively thirty and forty miles from Elk Water, and part of it, under Gen. Lee, is said to have joined Floyd at Big Spring. They destroyed their camp equipage and ammunition, burned several hundred muskets, and left their wagons, &c. The road is absolutely impassable for wagons beyond a point twelve miles from Elk Water.

The Cincinnati *Commercial's* Kanawha advices say that Gen. Rosecrans is at Mountain Cave, a strong position twenty-five miles beyond Gauley. He had advanced ten miles further to Little Sewall, but the enemy were too well entrenched and too strong at Big Sewall, five miles farther on, to be attacked, and Gen. Rosecrans fell back, as an invitation to come out and have a fair fight. There is no expectation that the enemy will attempt to face the position of Gen. Rosecrans.

The weather in the Gauley river region is bad. Rain falls almost incessantly. Our troops are well clothed, having plenty of overcoats and blankets.

The fight at Chapmansville was a sharp and bloody affair. Five of Pratt's Zouaves were killed. The rebels lost 35 killed.

A dispatch from Gen. Reynolds to Gov. Morton, dated Huttonsville, Oct. 8th, says:—"The enemy in our front, on the Huntersville road, has been driven to Green Briar Springs, 20 miles beyond Big Springs, their late rendezvous. They are 50 miles from Elk Water, and 124 from Cheat Mountain. The roads toward Huntersville are impassable for wheels. The enemy have destroyed hundreds of muskets, tents, camp equipage, &c. Several wagons fell into our hands."

The steamer Isotta, laden with Government property, left Gallipolis on the 11th, destined for Camp Enyart, on the Kanawha River, and when opposite the Red House Shoals, which are 30 miles above Point Pleasant, was fired into by some rebel cavalry from the south bank of the river, and ordered to land. Capt. Windsor—doing so by the engines alone, the pilot having been compelled to leave his post—succeeded in turning his boat down stream, and escaped, reaching here this P. M. Balls passed through the pilot house, cabin and engine room, but no person was injured. The Government steamer Silver Lake is supposed to have been captured by rebels. Reports are rife that a large body of rebels are advancing toward the river, to cut off Rosecrans' supply.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times* states that our army has been subjected to a terrible storm in the mountains of Western Virginia, and we copy his remarks, dated at "Great Mountain Summit, Oct. 1st:—When I wrote you yesterday, I attempted to give you a description of two regiments who had bivouacked all the night before on the mountain side, exposed to the rain. But the rain did not cease, and as the men became drenched to the skin they began to falter. Shortly after dinner the wind changed to the north, and increased in violence until it became terrific. It beat directly against the side of the mountain on which the two untented regiments were squatted. For one or two hours it was awful. The stoutest men fell exhausted by the rain and blasting winds. Hundreds were struck down with chills. Fires were built in the woods, but were soon extinguished. The tented regiments freely invited the suffering men into their quarters; in fact, went out, picked up those exhausted, and carried them in. But what shelter were the thin tents to men who had not a dry thread on them? The fort, and all the reliable places of shelter, were filled with the sick. Colonels Wagner and Millroy, whose regiments were the sufferers, were out in the driving storm taking care of their men.

"The poor horses suffered fully as bad as the men. There was no shelter whatever for them, and many of the team horses were already exhausted; and as the storm increased they fell, one by one, groaned and died.

"Toward evening the rain held up, but the wind increased in violence and grew colder. The men in the tents began to suffer, and crawled out and built fires in sheltered places. Three hundred marched down to a covered bridge, a mile and a half from camp, and sought shelter there. The waters rose rapidly, and covered the floor of the bridge. The weather grew colder during the night, and it was feared that some of the stragglers would perish. Search was made for them everywhere, and a number, found unable to walk, were carried into quarters. All through the night soldiers came marching to our hut, asking the privilege to warm.

"Only one death is known. Mr. Joseph Howells, Sutler of the 14th Indiana regiment, in company with a Mr. Stout, started on horseback for the valley about dusk. At the foot of the mountain there is a gorge running across the road, through which the water was rushing furiously. They attempted to ford the stream, but the horses were carried away. Mr. Stout succeeded in reaching the shore, but the Sutler went with his horse down the gorge, and was lost. He came from Terre Haute.

"Some ten or fifteen horses were found dead this morning, and others in a dying condition. The road down the mountain is badly cut up by the torrents, and the telegraph is prostrated. The men were roused up as soon as possible, and stirred around to get the chill off them. A large party were sent down the road to repair it and put the telegraph in good condition. The sick—and there are many of them—are immediately attended to.

"One of our scouts, just in, reports that he succeeded in reaching a point where he examined the rebel camp at Greenbriar. He has made a full report of their numbers, position, defenses, &c. He states that they are fortifying themselves."

Department of the East.

ABOUT 6 o'clock in the morning of the 9th inst., the division under command of Gen. Smith, at Chain bridge, advanced and occupied a prominent position in the neighborhood of Lewinsville. On the advance arriving at Langleys, the hitherto outposts of our army, the division was divided, a portion of them continuing up the Little Rock Run turnpike, and occupying Prospect Hill. The other part of the division took the new artillery road and occupied Smith and Maxwell's Hill, 1½ miles this side of Lewinsville. Batteries were drawn up in prominent positions, and the infantry placed in situations to support them. After waiting for about three hours in vain for the rebels to make an attack, in fact, inviting them to it, our skirmishers advanced and occupied Lewinsville, the rebel forces retiring. By the occupation of this point Gen. McClellan takes complete possession of his line running almost due North and South from the river near Great Falls, beyond Little River Turnpike, and Orange and Alexandria Turnpike. We now threaten the communications of the rebel army on the Upper Potomac, which a slight advance will evidently cut off.

Recent investigations show that there are not and have not been rebel fortifications on the Potomac at any other place than Acquia Creek. There are three batteries with twenty guns which are designed to defend that terminus of the great Southern Railroad, and protect Richmond and Fredericksburg, but not to hinder navigation.

About 5 o'clock P. M., on the 10th, Capt. Barney, of the 24th New York, advanced three miles beyond Falls Church, on the Leesburg turnpike, with 10 men, where he surprised a picket guard of eight of Col. Steuart's cavalry, three of whom were killed and one taken prisoner. They also captured five horses equipped, thirteen navy pistols, four sabres, one carbine, and one telescope.

The frigate Susquehanna arrived from Hatteras Inlet, at Fortress Monroe, on the 8th, bringing most interesting intelligence. The day after the capture of the propeller Fanny by the rebels, the tugs Ceres and Putnam, having one of the launches of the Susquehanna in tow, went up the Chicamicomico and landed seven days' provisions, returning the same evening without having seen anything of the rebels. On Friday, however, word reached Hatteras Inlet by the Stars and Stripes that 2,500 rebels, consisting of a Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia regiment, had come over from the main land in six small steamers and schooners, with flat boats, and attacked the 20th Indiana regiment, who were obliged to retreat. The Susquehanna steamed up outside while Col. Hawkins marched up with six companies and reached Hatteras Light by nightfall, a distance of thirteen miles. During the night Col. Hawkins was joined by the 20th Indiana regiment, who had passed in the darkness a large body of the rebels who had landed for the purpose of cutting them off. Col. Brown reported the loss of fifty of his men as prisoners, comprising his sick and wounded, and twenty pickets who could not be called in. He succeeded in saving his tents, provisions, &c.

On Saturday morning the Monticello steamed around the Cape, and a few miles up met the rebels marching down the narrow neck of land to attack our troops. The rebel steamers were also landing troops to co-operate with them. They were in easy range, and the Monticello opened fire upon them with shells of five seconds fuses, two hundred and eighteen of which were fired from three guns in three hours and a half, doing great execution. The Confederates at first tried to shelter themselves behind a sand hill, and then in a narrow copse, but soon broke in every direction, and took refuge upon their vessels. A shell passed through the wheel-house of the Fanny, which was already employed against us.

During the engagement a member of the Indiana regiment who had been taken prisoner, managed to break the rope with which he was tied and escaped. He took to the surf and was picked up by a boat from the Monticello. He reports that the first shell from her killed Col. Braisted, of the Georgia regiment, and that the havoc was frightful. Lieut. Burkhead thinks that no advance can be made from the Inlet without the support of a fleet of light draft vessels. He also thinks that our forces at the Inlet should be speedily increased.

The S. R. Spaulding arrived at the inlet on the 7th instant, with Gen. Mansfield, and landed her men and stores.

Col. Brown narrowly escaped with the 20th Indiana regiment. He was shelled from a Confederate vessel, and troops were landed both above and below them, yet he managed to escape with comparatively small loss. The particulars of this masterly movement may be gleaned from the official report, received by the Navy Department on the 9th, which is as follows:

UNITED STATES SHIP SUSQUEHANNAH,
OFF HATTERAS INLET, Sept. 6.

SIR:—Late in the afternoon of the 4th instant I received information that the enemy had landed in large force at Chicamicomico and Kine Kleit, and that the Indiana regiment posted there was in full retreat before them; also, that our three tugs in the Inlet were aground or disabled. The Fanny had been captured the day before. I at once got under weigh with this ship, and the Monticello anchored for the night close to the shore in Hatteras Cove.

At daylight I found our troops in and about the Light House, and in great distress for want of provisions, which they hadn't had for twenty-four hours. I supplied them with food, and at the request of the commanding officer remained for their protection during the day. Learning that the enemy were in large force at Kine Kleit, I sent the Monticello to drive them off, which important service was performed by Lieutenant-Commanding Braine, with great effect and good conduct.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
LARDNER.

To Flag Officer L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

UNITED STATES SHIP MONTICELLO,
OFF CAPE HATTERAS, Oct. 5, 1861.

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that in obedience to your orders this A. M., I stood through the inner channel of Hatteras Shoals at 12:30 P. M., and stood close along shore to the northward, keeping a bright lookout from aloft. At 1:30 P. M. we discovered several sailing vessels over the woodland Kine Kleit, and at the same time saw a regiment marching to the northward carrying a rebel flag in their midst, with many stragglers; also two tugs inside, flying the same flag. As they came out of the woods of Kine Kleit, we steamed close in shore and opened a deliberate fire upon them at the distance of three-quarters of a mile. At our first fire,—a shell which apparently fell in their midst,—they rolled up their flag, moving rapidly up the beach to the northward.

We followed them, firing rapidly from three guns, driving them up to a clump of woods, in which they took refuge, and abreast of which their steamers lay. We now shelled the woods and could see them embarking in small boats after their vessels, evidently in great confusion and suffering greatly from our fire. Their steamers now opened fire upon us, firing however but three shots. Two boats, filled with men, were struck by our shells and destroyed. Three more steamers came down the Sound and took position opposite the woods. We were shelling also two sloops. We continued firing deliberately upon them from 1½ P. M. until 3½ P. M., when two men were discovered upon the beach, making signals to us. Supposing them to be two of the Indiana regiment, we sent an armed boat to bring them off, covering them for some time with our fire. Upon our boat nearing the beach, they took to the water. One of them was successful in reaching the boat; private Warren, C. Hover, Co. H., 20th Indiana regiment. Private Charles White, Co. H., 20th Indiana regiment, was unfortunately drowned in the surf.

Private Hover informs me that he was taken prisoner on the morning of the 4th, and that he witnessed our fire, which was very destructive. He states that two of our shells fell into two sloops loaded with men, blowing the vessels to pieces and sinking them. Several of the officers were killed, and their horses were seen running about the beach. He had just escaped from his captors, after shooting the captain of one of the rebel command. He states that the enemy were in the greatest confusion, rushing wildly into the water, and striving to get off to their vessels.

Private Hover now directed me to a point where the rebels were congregated, waiting an opportunity to get off. I opened fire again with success, scattering them. We were now very close, in three fathoms water, and the fire of second shell told with effect.

Six steamers were now off the point, one of which I recognized as the Fanny. At 5:25 P. M. we ceased firing, leaving the enemy scattered along the beach for upwards of four miles, and fired repeatedly at the enemy's steamers with our rifled cannon, a Parrott 30 pounder, and struck the Fanny, I think, once. I found the range of this piece much short of what I had anticipated; many of the shot turning end over end, and not exceeding much the range of smooth bore 32-pounders.

I inclose herewith a memoranda with the amount of ammunition expended to-day.

I am respectfully your obd't ser't,
LT. D. BRAINE,
Commanding U. S. Steamer Monticello.

To Capt. J. H. Lardner, Commanding U. S. steamer Susquehanna, off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina.

A dispatch from Gen. Wool to the War Department confirms the statement that the rebels met with a heavy loss in the engagement with the Monticello off Hatteras Inlet. Fort Hatteras will be made perfectly secure by the immediate dispatch of re-enforcements.

The steamer Express on the 8th inst. met by agreement the rebel steamer Northumberland with a flag of truce, twelve miles above Newport News, and brought down sixty-seven wounded prisoners, who were released in Richmond, and who were taken at the battle at Bull Run. They report that there are about 5,000 troops in Richmond, that the rebel army on the Potomac is supposed to number over 150,000 men, and that apprehensions of an attack on the sea-board causes the greatest anxiety. Powerful batteries have been erected along James River, in anticipation of an advance of the Federal army in that direction.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has recalled five regiments to defend the State. The rebel troops were suffering greatly for the want of medicines, clothing, and certain kinds of food. Articles cut off by the blockade were bringing fabulous prices.

The wounded prisoners were released for the reason that their wants could not be supplied. They have been obliged to sleep on the floor during their imprisonment.

Gen. Beauregard was at Manassas and Jeff. Davis had returned to Richmond on Saturday last, in feeble health. Speculations were rife as to his successor.

A dispatch from New Orleans of the 4th inst., to the Richmond Examiner, tells of one of the most important achievements of the war so far. It embraces information that the United States blockading squadron had dug a passage through the mud of one of the five months of the Mississippi, in the sand-pit which commands the whole five of them, and the Vincennes, Water Witch and two other vessels of the squadron were present to protect the prompt erection of works which will in a week command all five of the mouths, ports or entries to and from the Mississippi river. Once built, this work will absolutely control the communication of New Orleans by the sea as effectually as a blockading squadron of twenty ships now could accomplish it.

Affairs at Washington.

ADVICES received at the Department of State from England and France are highly encouraging. The tone of public sentiment in those countries is greatly improved in reference to the situation in this country.

For the information of persons who come, at a great sacrifice of time, money and personal comfort, to Washington, for the purpose of visiting their relatives in the army on the Virginia side of the Potomac, it is proper to state that as General McClellan considers such visits inconsistent with the good of the soldiers, as well as prejudicial to the success of the army generally, he has by positive orders refused passes. The constant communication of families with their brothers, husbands or sons, is prevented by refusal, which, in many instances, is the occasion of much painful embarrassment to the officer in charge, as well as to those who, after reaching Washington, are without means of providing for their comfort. Many visit the city merely through curiosity, but they incur needless expense, as their wishes cannot be gratified. No passes are granted except in extreme cases where it is positively necessary.

Accounts received by the Government, and which are deemed reliable, represent the Southern cotton crop as about an average yield. Much of it has been successfully housed, but owing to the want of bagging, it cannot be baled, nor transported. Until a supply of wrapping is obtained, the crop is almost useless, being too bulky for shipment.

Our Consul General to Egypt, Mr. Thayer, writes home that the British Government is making extraordinary exertions to procure supplies from and through Egypt. A new commercial treaty has lately been negotiated between the Egyptian and British Governments, which gives the latter great facilities in exporting the staple. Mr. Thayer at once required that the same provision be granted to the Government of the United States, and his request was cordially granted.

Representatives Steele, of New Jersey, and Dawes, of Massachusetts, arrived in Washington on the 11th inst. They are Members of the House Committee, appointed during the late session of Congress, to investigate all contracts made by the Government. After having transacted some business at the War and Treasury Departments, they left the city for St. Louis. The Government has offered every facility for the investigation, and it is known that the action of the Committee thus far has been highly beneficial to the interests of the country. Secretary Cameron and Adjutant General Thomas are in St. Louis, on business connected with the "Department of the West."

The policy of the Government in regard to employing foreigners in the military service is as follows, the statement being made on good authority.

First, No one has been authorized to enlist or raise troops in Canada, as has been affected to be understood there.

Second, No commissions have been offered or other overtures made to military men in France or other European States, as has been assumed there.

Third, The Government has not tendered the command of the army to Garibaldi, as has been represented in Europe.

What is true, is:

First, That every foreigner who has come with a good character and credentials, and offered his services to the Government for the support of the Union, has been accepted, and no other is in the military employment of the United States.

Second, General Garibaldi being a naturalized citizen, it was reported to the Government by one of our Consuls that the General was contemplating a visit to this country, and that he had intimated conditionally the disposition to engage in the service of the United States. He was informed that if this were so, his services would be accepted with pleasure, and he would receive a commission as Major General, being the same rank which was conferred on Lafayette in the army of the Revolution.

The Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, and for the surrender of fugitive criminals between the United States and the Republic of Venezuela is officially proclaimed. Its liberal, commercial, civil, and religious features, are calculated to communicate its object, namely, a firm, inviolable peace and a true and sincere friendship between the two countries. There is a mutual agreement that the citizens of each shall be prohibited from applying for or taking any commission or letters of marque to act as privateers against the commerce of either Republic from any Province or any State with which the United States or Venezuela may be at war. It is also declared unlawful for any privateers who have commissions from any Province or State in enmity with either nation, to fit out their ships in the ports of either, to sell the prizes, or in any manner to exchange them, neither shall they be allowed to purchase provisions, except such as shall be necessary to their going to the next port of that Province or State from which they have received their commissions.

Justice Johnson has decided that under the Act of Congress forbidding the sale of liquors to soldiers, "it is not illegal to give it away." This striped pig decision is so opposed to the express enactment of Congress, that the Government will not submit to it. If the local magistrates continue to tamper and barrass the Government with their absurd and profound decisions, General McClellan declares he will take a hand in it, and administer such a dose of martial law as will reduce to terms both sellers and justices.

Commissioner of Indian Affairs Dale has returned from his official visit to the Indian Tribes in Kansas and Nebraska. He was received by them with gladness. They sought every opportunity to express to him their friendship to the United States. He conversed with the returned Kansas officers who took part in the battle of Springfield, and who informed him that no separately organized Indian forces were with the rebels on that occasion, but that a comparatively few of the half breeds only were in the ranks of the enemy. The efforts of the rebels to array the Indians against the United States, so far as the Commissioner could learn, was attended only with partial success. The Indians as a class are disposed to be friendly, but those who are in hostility have been coerced to this course by the rebels. It would require no persuasion to raise a large Indian force in Kansas and Nebraska to operate against those who may be brought into the fields by the rebels.

Permission has been given to William F. Martin, who was in command at Hatteras, but is now in confinement with 700 associates at Columbus, to furnish winter clothing for the prisoners, with funds to be received by him from North Carolina.

Jones W. Dawson, of Indiana, has been appointed Governor of Utah.

The Navy Department has received a letter from the Commander of the Key Stone State, dated Aspinwall, September 25th, in which he states that he has been cruising on the coast of Yucatan, but has obtained no information either of the Sumter or her prizes. He was alike unsuccessful in the vicinity of the Isle of Pines and Cienfuegos. The Sumter, it was said, endeavored to procure coal at Demerara and Cayenne, but was refused. The merchants of Paramaribo likewise declined to furnish coal, but it was finally obtained from a Scotchman. Commander Scott says Captain Semmes is aware that our vessels are in search of him, and that therefore he will not again appear in the West Indies. The fact is ascertained that the Sumter has taken several prizes under the British flag, and decoyed others under our own with the Union down. This should serve as a warning to United States merchantmen.

Hon. J. F. Potter, Chairman of the Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives, on the 8th inst., called the attention of the Navy Department to the statement in the newspapers that Captain J. H. Morrison, of the steamer Fanny, which was captured by the rebels off Cape Hatteras, was in prison at Fortress Monroe for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, and inquired if the statement was true in the whole or in part.

The Department to-day replied as follows:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Oct. 9th, 1861.

SIR:—Your letter of the 8th inst., relative to the newspaper reports concerning the Master of the steamer Fanny, has been received. The steamer alluded to was not at the time of her capture in the service of this Department, and has never been employed by it, and the same may be said of her Captain. This Department has no knowledge of him whatever, and I have no reason to suppose that at the time of the capture of the Fanny, a single person in any way connected with the Navy was on board of her. Very respectfully yours,
GIDEON WELLES.

The Potter Investigating Committee have adjourned. Notwithstanding the length of the session and the amount of labor, the expense is not over $2,000. The first report included the names of 237 Government employees against whom evidence of treason was presented. Last week the second report was presented, giving 235 more, distributed as follows:—Interior, 57; Treasury, 52; Navy, 40; War, 41; Post Office, 14; State, 1; Attorney General, 1; Public Printing Office, 12; Miscellaneous, 10. Generally, the Departments have acted with great promptness in removing those reported disloyal, but many still remain. The investigation will probably be renewed at the commencement of the session of Congress, as the matter is far from exhausted.

A dispatch to the New York *World* on the 11th inst. says:—The Government has caused the arrest of certain parties west, who had large quantities of goods, intended to be taken out on the plains, and through the Indian Territory into the rebel States. Contraband trade of an extensive character, it is believed, is thus prevented.

The Maryland Post-master who was arrested for sending bags of letters to the rebel States, has been brought here together with his packages. The Government has obtained most valuable information from them. He is in jail.

The News Condenser.

— There are 911 sick in the hospitals about Washington.

— The English cotton mills are reducing their running time.

— Over 12,000 Confederate soldiers are in the hospitals at Richmond.

— The new war vessels now building by England will cost $40,000,000.

— The entire number of Jews in the world is computed to be 4,300,000.

— Senator Bingham died of apoplexy at Green Oak, Mich., on the 5th inst.

— Thirty-five ships are now loading with wheat at New York for Havre, France.

— During August there were sent by overland mail from San Francisco 37,906 letters.

— Sewing machines are being imported into England at the rate of 9,000 per annum.

— The Louisville Journal calls upon the ladies of that city to prepare lint and bandages.

— The students of Amherst College are almost daily leaving and enlisting for the war.

— It costs the grand army of the United States $4,000,000 for the article of music alone.

— The damage to the New York canals by the late storm will reach 150,000 to $200,000.

— It is proposed in Paris to reconstruct the Parthenon of Athens upon the hill of Montmartre.

— The London Times notices the Upper Canada oil springs as likely to become a source of wealth.

— Ex-Street Superintendent Smith, of New York, has been appointed a Confederate Major-General.

— The Illinoisans have fined Dr. Russell, of the London Times, $25 for shooting game on Sunday.

— Joseph E. Brown has been elected Governor of Georgia, by a majority of between 5,000 and 10,000.

— The number of volunteers entering the service from all the loyal States, is now about 50,000 per week.

— It is stated that in some parts of the South, rye, as a substitute for coffee, is bringing $3 per bushel.

— The subscriptions to the National Loan in New York averaged nearly $700 000 a day during last week.

— The Illinois Central Railroad Company are about constructing at their shops 500 additional grain cars.

— Col. Van Dorn, of Texas, has been appointed a Confederate Major General and summoned to Richmond.

— Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, positively declines both the honors and the profits of a Major-Generalship.

— Of the thirty-eight locomotives on the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, the rebels have seized thirteen.

— The Scientific American states that the firing of a nine-inch shell gun costs nine dollars and thirty-four cents.

— The Susquehanna's officers state that nine out of ten of the rebel vessels carry the British flag to avoid capture.

— It is estimated that the fund raised in the South for the wife of the murderer of Ellsworth amounts to $100,000.

— Within three months, over 20,000 horses, costing on an average $120 apiece, have been forwarded to Washington.

— New York has in the field, already mustered in the United States service and ready for mustering, 84,398 men.

— The Richmond Enquirer says that the pledges of cotton rice, grain, &c., cannot fall short of thirty millions of dollars.

— George A. Coffey, Esq., United States District Attorney for Philadelphia, is seriously and dangerously ill of paralysis.

— The whole number of graduates from the West Point Military Academy, from 1802 to 1860, is less than two thousand.

— Lord Monck was to leave England on the 3d inst. for Quebec, to assume the duties of Governor-General of Canada.

— Russell, of the London Times, has at length reached the conclusion that the North cannot fail to subdue the South.

— Intelligence from Harrisburgh says the quota demanded of Pennsylvania by the last Presidential requisition is entirely full.

— The sixth regiment of Vermont volunteers, about to go in camp at Montpelier, was recruited and equipped in fifteen days!

— Colonel Crook's command of 2,000 regulars, from Utah, have reached St. Joseph, Mo., and are throwing up entrenchments.

— Three hundred and thirty vessels were counted off Portland, Me., on Tuesday week, all engaged in mackerel catching.

— The deficiency of the harvest in France is so large that it is estimated $200,000,000 will be required to make up the deficiency.

— The national debt of Sweden is only about $11,000,000, and by means of a sinking fund will be extinguished in thirty-eight years.

— Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of tobacco, belonging to Auguste Belmont, has been confiscated at Richmond.

— Private N. C. Buck, of the N. Y. 79th Regiment, was shot by the guard, in Richmond, Va., for looking out of the prison window.

— John C. Breckinridge is named for Vice President of the Southern Confederacy. His late movements show that he would run well.

— The Russian navy consists of 244 steam and 71 sailing vessels, carrying 3,851 guns, including vessels now in course of construction.

— Upward of a thousand hands are employed at the Watervliet Arsenal, and the greatest activity prevails in all the departments.

— Henry A. Wise and his son, O. Jennings Wise, have been indicted for treason by the Grand Jury of the Federal Court at Wheeling, Va.

— The State of Maine has received from the Government $200,000 in part payment of expenses incurred in furnishing soldiers for the war.

— Charles S. Benton, Democratic nominee for Secretary of State, in Wisconsin, was formerly clerk of the Court of Appeals in this State.

— Figs are extensively cultivated in California, and some of them raised and cured in the Sacramento Valley are equal to any produced in Turkey.

— The button business at Waterbury is quite brisk. One firm has a contract in the army button line, which will take 18,000 pounds of brass metal.

— Since the great conflagration in London, several insurance companies have sent to this country for plans and specifications of steam fire engines.

— Tuesday, the 24th ult., according to the Richmond Enquirer, was the first day since his recent illness that Jeff. Davis was able to be in his office.

— Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada, gave his farewell entertainment at the Parliament Buildings in Quebec on the night of October 3.

— Statistics show that tobacco smoking is becoming more general in most countries, and that in England it has increased one-quarter in ten years.

— The Baltimore Patriot says the two Maryland regiments in the rebel army are almost in a state of revolt, in consequence of the inactivity of the leaders.

— The Persia brought 240 bales of Indian cotton to New York on her recent arrival. The staple is shorter than that of our cotton, but the fibre quite as fine.

— Twenty-six thousand commissioned officers are required to command the Federal army now in the field. For New York's quota alone, 5,000 will hardly suffice.

— The Louisville (Kentucky) Democrat on Saturday week announced the arrival of one hundred and fifty boxes of Enfield rifles consigned to General Anderson.

— One of the most significant signs of the present period is the high credit of Northern States. N. Y. Sevens are scarce at 105½, and Connecticut Sixes bring 102½.

— Cincinnati papers say there is a decided improvement in business affairs in that city. Within the past few days the bustle in wholesale streets wears the din of the olden time.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

"RURAL" LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE — or Letters from the People about the RURAL — are very encouraging about these days. Every mail brings us many new subscribers, accompanied with most flattering remarks as to the value and interest of this journal in the estimation of the writers. As samples we quote briefly from notes just received:

MR. G. LEWIS, Potter Co., Pa., remitting for eight subscribers, writes: — "I should have said 'amen' to what one of your patrons wrote some years ago, if I had been able to carry it out. He said you might consider him as a life subscriber, and whenever he failed to renew his subscription, you might think he was dead and publish his obituary notice accordingly. '*Them's my sentiments*,' and I hope from this time to fulfill my part of the engagement.

A subscriber in Montgomery Co., Ky., writes: — "Glad you have so good a list of subscribers here. Rest assured they are friends that will cling to the RURAL with the tenacity of Nessus' shirt."

M. H. JONES, Randolph Co., Ill., remits for a club of trial subscribers, and adds: — "I expect to send more before long. Shall do all that I can for the RURAL, because I believe it to be *the best Paper published in America*. I admire the strong stand it takes for the Union as much as I love the paper for the advice it gives concerning the various pursuits of life. If it were to turn traitor, I would not aid it; but as it is for the Union and nothing else, and I believe always will be, you may consider me a subscriber as long as I can obtain the money."

— From the day of the storming of Fort Sumter, which commenced the great struggle for the preservation and perpetuity of the Union, the RURAL ignored neutrality, and, at the risk of losing patronage, went heart and soul for upholding the American Flag and maintaining "the Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws," at all hazards and whatever sacrifices. This course caused a few rebellious spirits to *secede* from our list, but having passed the Rubicon safely — the places of the seceders being more than filled by true and loyal Unionists — our friend need have no fear of the RURAL ever becoming traitorous to the best interests of the People and Country. But while we go unreservedly for the *War for the Union*, we stand aloof from all party organizations. This is no time for political or party squabbles — for *the People* of the loyal States must unite in upholding the National Government and preserving the Union from utter dissolution. Certain dignitaries of the Administration, or high officials in the Army or Navy, may not act exactly in accordance with your or my notions, Reader, yet, whether Democrats, Republicans, or neither, we are in duty bound to sustain the cause of the Union to the best of our ability. Let us all do this *now*, and square accounts with individuals in the future.

Special Notices.

☞ METROPOLITAN GIFT BOOK STORE, No. 26 Buffalo street, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. H. D. CLARK of Lima, Mrs. E. ROSS of Brockport, and Mr. H. G. WHITCOMB of this city, each received last week, with books purchased at this popular establishment, an elegant Silver Pitcher, valued at $25; Mr. J. LEE of Buffalo, an elegant Gold Watch, valued at $70; besides over 600 other articles of value were presented to purchasers of books. Persons desirous of replenishing their libraries would do well to send for Descriptive Catalogues. They will be mailed free to any address, upon application.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, October 15, 1861.

IN FLOUR and GRAIN we are unable to observe any material change during the week. But little wheat is offering in our market,—not even enough to impart any animation to trade.

BUTTER is still moving upward, and choice will readily command 12½ cents per pound.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—Dealers have bought up considerable quantities of Apples for shipment during the past week. The range is from $1.00 to $1.50 per barrel. Potatoes bring 38c for best varieties. A detention upon our canal has put a stop to purchases hereabouts for the present and there is a dullness which will reduce prices if the fleet of boats are not soon on the move.

WOOL has again advanced. Speculators are holding for 45@50 cents, and appearances seem to indicate that their wishes will be attained ere long. The farmers who have sold out are giving these middle-men a good thing this year, while those who still hold their clip can appropriate the good thing to themselves.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,25@6.50	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5 00@5 25	Candles, box	10@10½c
Flour, buckwheat	2 00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	1.00@1.00	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.25	Apples, bushel	25@38c
Best white Canada	1.25@1.28	Apples, dried ⅌ lb	5@5½c
Corn, old	00@40c	Peaches, do	12@12c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, do	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs ⅌ bush	45@50c	Plums, do	00@10c
Oats, by weight	23@25c	Potatoes	30@38c
Barley	45@50c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	0@00c	Slaughter	3½@4c
Beans	1.25@1.50	Calf	5@6c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	50c@1.00
Pork, Mess	$14.50@15.00	Lamb Pelts	31@75c
Pork, clear	16.00@17.00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.00	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.00	Timothy	2.00@2.50
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	5@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	5.50@5.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ⅌ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, tun	7.00@10.00
Butter, firkin	10@11c	Straw, tun	5.00@6.00
Cheese	6@8c	Wool, ⅌ lb	35@41c
Lard, tried	9@9c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.00
Tallow, rough	4@4½c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Tallow, tried	6@6½c	Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.25

PRICES OF WHEAT IN MICHIGAN.—Mr. JAS. BULL, of Detroit, furnishes us the following report of the prices paid for wheat at various places on the Michigan Central Railroad, on Saturday last, Oct. 12:—At Niles, 79@86c; Dowagiac, 75@85; Decature, 75@85; Lawton, 75@85; Paw Paw, 70@85; Mattawan, 75@85; Oshtemo, 75@85; Kalamazoo, 77@87; Galesburg, 72@80; Augusta, 75@85; Battle Creek, 75@86; Ciresco, 80@90; Marshall, 75@85; Marengo, 80@90; Albion, 80@85; Parma, 80@85; Jackson, 85@90; Grass Lake, 80@85; Francisville, 80@85; Chelsea, 83@85; Dexter, 83@90; Delhi, 85@90; Ann Arbor, 85@90; Ypsilanti, 85@90.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 14.—FLOUR—In moderate demand for export and home consumption. Sales at $5,00@5,20 for rejected; $5,25@5,35 for superfine State; $5,45@5,55 for extra do; $5,25@5,35 for superfine Western; $5,45@5,65 for common to medium extra do; $5,75@5,85 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,95@6,50 for trade brands do.,—market closing rather quiet. Canadian in moderate request, without decided change in price; sales at $5,25@5,35 for super; $5,45@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat slightly in favor of buyers, with a moderate export demand; a large portion of the sales are to arrive; sales Milwaukee club at $1,18@1,24; Chicago spring at $1,15@1,17; winter red Western at $1,28@1,30; amber Iowa at $1,20@1,21; white Western at $1,37@1,40; choice white Michigan at $1,43@1,45; choice amber Michigan at $1,33; winter red State at $1,28@1,31; white Kentucky at $1,38@1,45; choice Green Bay at $1,26. Rye quite firm; sales prime Western at 76c. Barley in fair demand; sales State at 67c. Corn in good request for export, home consumption, and speculation, and prices advanced fully 1@1½c ⅌ bushel; sales at 54@56c for inferior to common mixed Western; 57@58c for Eastern do.; 58@59c for good to prime shipping do.; 60c for yellow Western. Oats are in moderate request at 31@34c for Canadian, and 34@35½c for Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market somewhat unsettled, and prices further advanced at the close; holders refuse to sell full weight mess at $15,25; sales 850 bbls, part Saturday evening, at $14,62½@15,00 for mess; $9,25 for rumps; and $9,75@10,00 for prime.—Lard in fair demand and market very firm; sales at 8½@9⅛c.—Butter in fair request at 7@11c for Ohio, and 11½@14c for State. Cheese dull at 5@7c for inferior to prime.

ASHES—Are inactive, without change in prices—25 bbls. Pots brought $5,25, and Pearl may be quoted at the same price.

HOPS—The market is firm, with a good demand from consumers, who buy only to supply their present wants; the receipts continue very light, and the entire receipts thus far are very little over ten per cent on the same time last season; it is now fully ascertained that the crop will be fully forty per cent short of an average yield; the sales reach 220 bales 1861's at 16@21c, cash, as to quality. In Old, some 100 bales 1860's sold at 16@19c; a parcel of choice 1859, 13c, and same 300 bales older growths on private terms. By auction 80 bales inferior, growth of 1860, 6@8c cash.

SEEDS—Clover begins to arrive; shippers offer 7@7¼c, which is below the views of holders. Timothy is inactive—prices unchanged.

ALBANY, OCT. 14.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened steady for flour, and throughout the morning there was a fair business done at the closing prices of Saturday. Corn meal is unchanged.

GRAIN—For wheat the demand is limited, and the market weak. Sales red spring at $1,12½ and inferior red winter at $1,14. Corn is without important change, with sales mixed Western at 54, afloat, and 54½ delivered. Rye steady at 70. Barley is very quiet with a good supply offering. Sales winter at 60, and Canada West on p. t. Oats in fair request at steady prices. Sales State at 33.

BUFFALO, OCT. 14.—FLOUR—Steady and firm. Sales of Wisconsin extra at $5,75; Indiana extra $5,75@5,80; double extra do at $5,75.

GRAIN—Steady; sales red winter Indiana and Michigan at $1,05; red winter at $1,07; amber Michigan at $1,07; red Toledo cleaned at $1,08; Milwaukee club at 98c. Corn better, with sales at 39½c, 39¾@40c. Oats quiet at 24c. Rye dull at 60c. Barley, sales 53@53½c. No change in other grains or seeds.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork at $13,50; prime at $12,50. Hams, plain sugar cured, at 8@8¾; do. in sacks, at 8½@9. Lard at 8. Shoulders quiet at 5½. Country beef at $5,00. Salted sides at 6c. Cheese, Hamburgh, at 6@7.

TORONTO, OCT. 11.—FLOUR—There has been some improvement during the week following the favorable European advices, but the advance checked business. The most recent news by the *Bavaria*, of a decline in England, causes the market to droop toward the close. We consequently can only quote nominally as follows:

Superfine	$4,80@4,85
Fancy	5,00@5,00
Extra	5,35@5,40
Double extra	5,75@6,00

Oatmeal remains steady at $3,60@3,75 ⅌ barrel.

GRAIN—Fall Wheat has been steady, with firm market until Tuesday, when the news of the decline caused a slight reaction in feeling, resulting, however, in lower quotations. The sample continues to be of a very varied character, resulting in a wide range of price,—say from $1 to $1,14 ⅌ bushel. The figures most frequently paid have been from $1,08 to $1,12 per bushel for good shipping wheat. Extra prime lots, very clean, bring $1 13@1,14 ⅌ bushel. Spring wheat shows the effect of the news more plainly, and the market is not nearly so lively. We quote good to light samples at 83@86c ⅌ bushel. Barley continues in large supply, say 12,000 bushels daily. The rates vary with the orders from Albany, for which port almost the entire purchases of the season are made. We quote it to-day at 41@44c ⅌ bushel. Oats are quiet, with moderate supplies at 27@28c ⅌ bushel. Peas are not offering so freely and the market is firm at 50@52c ⅌ bushel. Other articles are quoted as follows:

Butter, Fresh ⅌ lb	18@20
" Tub No. 1, dairy	11@13
" " No. 2, store	10@11
Cheese	7@8
Eggs, ⅌ dozen	14@16
Chickens ⅌ pair	25@30
Ducks	35@40
Turkeys, each	50@75
Potatoes, per bushel	25@28
Apples, ⅌ barrel	$1,75@2,50
Sheepskins	60@80
Hides, ⅌ lb	00@4
Calfskins	0@8
Hay	10,00@16,00
Straw	8,00@9,00

—Globe.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 9.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality ⅌ cwt	$7,75@8,50
Ordinary quality	7,00@7,75
Common quality	6,00@7,00
Inferior quality	4,00@6,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$45,00@50,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@45,00
Common quality	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality	22,00@28,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	5½@6 c
Ordinary quality	4¾@5½c
Common quality	4¼@4¾c
Inferior quality	4 @4¼c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ⅌ head	$4,25@4,50
Ordinary quality	3,25@4,00
Common quality	2,75@3,25
Inferior quality	2,25@2,75
SWINE.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	3½@4¼c
Other qualities	3½@3¾c

ALBANY, OCT. 14.—BEEVES—The receipts are again quite heavy, being about 4,500 head, or 50 more than last week; and, taking quality and weight into account, the supply, comparatively, is much larger than these figures indicate. The cattle are heavier, and there is a marked improvement in quality. We cannot say as much for prices, however; most of the drovers who have sold think the rates are at least ¼c ⅌ lb, live weight, lower than last week, and they are nearly right.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	4,495	4,128	4,080
Sheep	7,460	7,331	5,118
Hogs		220	1,163

PRICES—We alter our quotations, as will be noticed below:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4¾@4¾c	4¾@4¾c
Extra	3⅞@4¼c	4 @4¼c
First quality	3½@3⅞c	3½@3⅞c
Second quality	3 @3¼c	3 @3¼c
Third quality	2½@2¾c	2½@2¾c

SHEEP—The receipts are again quite heavy, but the demand is quite fair, although not fully up to the supply. Sales about 1000 head at 3⅛@3½c ⅌ lb, at which figures McGraw Bros. took upwards of 1700.

HOGS—Without change; demand pretty brisk.—*Atlas & Argus*.

BRIGHTON, OCT. 10.—At market 950 Beeves, 400 Stores, 4,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 800 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.50; first quality, $6.25; second do, $6.00; third do, $4.75@5.50.

MILCH COWS—$40@51; common, $18@19.

WORKING OXEN—$100, $120@130.

VEAL CALVES—$3.00@4.00.

YEARLINGS—$7@8; two years old, $9@10; three years old, $12@14 each.

HIDES—4½@5c. Tallow, 5@5½c.

CALF SKINS—8@9c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.25@1,50; extra and selections, $2,00@4,00.

PELTS—25c@$1.00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 3½@4½c; retail, 5½c; fat hogs, still fed, none; corn fed, none; spring pigs, wholesale, 5½@6c; retail 6½@8c.

CAMBRIDGE, OCT. 9.—At market 1,150 Cattle, 900 Beeves, and 250 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25@6.50; first quality, $5.75@6.00; second do, $5.00; third do, $4.00@0.00.

WORKING OXEN—$60, $75@130.

COWS AND CALVES—$20, 30@50.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; Two years old, $11@14; Three years old, $16@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4,200 at market. Prices in lots at $1.75@2.12 each; extra and selections $2.25@3.25.

Spring Lambs—None

HIDES—5½@6c ⅌ lb. Tallow, 6½@6c.

PELTS—50@62c. Calf Skins, 7@8c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

TORONTO, OCT. 11.—Beef, on foot, is lower in consequence of pretty large arrivals from the country, as well as from the Western States. Of the latter stock purchases have been made on farmers' account, who will stall feed and make them into Christmas beef. We quote first class cattle at $4.50, with a few extra at $5; second class, $4; and inferior $3@3,50 ⅌ 100 lbs. of beef.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep plentiful, at $3,50@4 each by the car load. Lambs at $2@2,50 each by the drove.

CALVES scarce and in demand at $4@5 each.—*Globe*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 10.—An active market still prevails.—Importers are without stock, and sales of foreign wools have been almost entirely from second hands and at very full rates; it is understood that there have been some large sales, to arrive, but the particulars are kept private. Domestic Wool of low grades are scarce, and readily command 43@47c; fine is not so salable, but is firmly held at 50c. Pulled is in light supply, and commands 40@47c. Sales of both Fleece and Pulled reach 170,000 lbs. at the above rates. There are in port not landed 2,000 bales California, which will be on sale as quick as it can be seen. Of California we notice sales of 145,000 lbs common White and Black at 27½c; 40,000 do. assorted 35c; and 45,000 do. very common to good assorted qualities, to arrive, 34c, 6 mos. We learn, per Asia, that American orders were not actively filled, and not so much will arrive immediately as was generally expected from England. Supplies are much needed.

American Saxony Fleece ⅌ lb	45@48
American full-blood Merino	44@48
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	40@44
Native and one-fourth Merino	38@42
Extra, Pulled	38@40
Superfine, Pulled	36@40
No. 1, Pulled	32@34
Lamb's, Pulled	30@35
California, fine, unwashed	27@32
California, common do.	12@20
Peruvian, washed	—@—
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@15
South American Merino, unwashed	21@23
Do. do. Mestiza, do.	16@20
Do. do. common, washed	14@17
Do. do. Entre Rios, do.	15@17
Do. do. Entre Rios, unwashed	9@12
Do. do. Cordova, washed	21@25
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	25@27
East India, washed	12@25
African, washed	20@30
Do. unwashed	16@20
Smyrna, do.	17@18
Do. washed	20@26
Mexican, unwashed	12@14

BOSTON, OCT. 10.—The demand for Wool has been quite active, and sales of both foreign and domestic are quite large, comprising about 1,5 0,000 lbs. Prices have advanced from 2@3c for fleece, the sales comprising 300,000 lbs. at 42½@47c, mostly at 45c, cash, without assortment. Pulled wool is scarce and firm, with sales of extra at 45c. The transactions in foreign comprise 350,000 lbs Valparaiso, and 2,300 bales Spanish, Cape, East India and South American, at full prices.

Saxony Fleece	43@44	Pulled No. 1	25@30
Full blood Merino	43@44	Do. No. 2	00@00
Three-fourth do	42½@43	Texas	10@35
Half do	42½@43	Smyrna, washed	15@26
Common	40@42	Do. unwashed	9@17
Western mixed	38@40	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	43@45	Crimea	9@20
Do. Superfine	40@43	Canada	30@34

ALBANY, OCT. 10.—A firm market with a light stock, the previous reported sales having taken all the receipts of the week. The demand is mainly confined to the low and medium grades of Fleece for army purposes.—*Journal*.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 9.—The market is buoyant, and a good article of clean common would bring 35@38c.—*Gazette*.

Died.

IN Grand Rapids, Mich., on Sunday morning, Oct. 13, Mrs. CAROLINE MOORE, relict of the late Rev. NATHANIEL L. MOORE, of Kelloggsville, N. Y., (and mother of Mrs. ALFRED BARNUM, of this city,) aged 65 years. The remains were taken to Kelloggsville for interment.

IN Oshtemo, Mich., on the 27th of September, HOMER L., son of S. C. and SARAH A. BEYLAN, aged 3 years; and on the 30th of the same month, ALICE, infant daughter of S. C. and SARAH A. BEYLAN, aged 1 year and 6 months.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance — THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line

200,000 APPLE SEEDLINGS, 2 years old, for sale. Some will be exchanged for Quince stock. A. BECKER, Penfield, N. Y.

THE NEW STOVE ESTABLISHMENT of KLEIN & DUTHE, No. 72 Main street, opposite the Osburn House, Rochester, N. Y., has just received a large assortment of STOVES and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS of the best styles, which will be sold at the lowest rates. Call and see.

960 BUILDING LOTS In a beautiful city of the West, with a population of near 70,000, to be given as Premiums to Subscribers for moral, religious and historical works of art. For particulars address D. H. MULFORD, 167 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell a new Prize Stationary and Portrait Packet. Also, Patriotic and Military Stationery Packets. Best ever offered. Send stamp for circular, or 40c. for samples.
B. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

APPLE STOCKS—1,000,000 one year, and 2,000,000 two year old Apple Stocks, at from $1.50 to $3.00 ⅌ 1,000. Our Stocks are unsurpassed, and we offer them for CASH at the above war prices. ENSIGN & FORD,
613-tf Ohio Nurseries, Toledo, Ohio.

FOR SALE—100,000 Peach Trees, one year old, Blackberries, and other Fruit and Ornamental Trees, of the most popular and choice varieties, at low prices.
☞ *Send for Catalogue gratis.*
614-2t WILLIAM PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILLINOIS.—Per 1,000—APPLE TREES, extra 1 to 4 yrs, $15 to $60; SCIONS, $1.50; APPLE STOCKS, fine, (1 and 2 yrs, purchasers' choice,) selected for grafting, $4; 2d class, $1; MAZZARD CHERRY, fine, 1 yr, $3; OSAGE ORANGE, $3.00 and $2.00; ROOT-GRAFTS, 10,000, $40; HOUGHTON GOOSEBERRY, $10 to $20; WILSON'S STRAWBERRY, $3, T. DE GAND, 100, $1.50, &c., &c. TULIPS, over 300 sorts, the best Am. collection we know of, lasting over 2 months in flower, mostly $1 to $3 ⅌ 100, &c. 614-3t
☞ *See Catalogues.* F. K. PHOENIX.

ANDRE LEROY'S NURSERIES, AT ANGERS, FRANCE.
THE Proprietor of these Nurseries, the most extensive in the world, has the honor to inform his numerous friends and the public that his *Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Seedlings, Fruit Stocks, &c.*, for the present season, is now ready and at their disposal.
Apply to BRUGUIERE & THEBAUD,
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PHOTOGRAPHS AND AMBROTYPES.—The long established Gallery of Hovey & Hartman still presents its many features of attractiveness to all desiring Photographs, Ambrotypes, Cartes de Visite, or anything peculiar to the Daguerrean Art. Since the introduction of the "Carte" and the unexampled favor with which they have been met, Messrs. H. & H. have given special attention to their production and can warrant superior specimens.
Pictures of all sizes, and for all prices (from 50 cents upward), taken daily and guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Readers of the RURAL who wish for life like portraitures may depend upon obtaining them at the Gallery corner of Main and St. Paul streets, Rochester, N. Y.
613 HOVEY & HARTMAN.

400,000 Choice Apple Seedlings 1 year, $2 ⅌ 1,000, packed and delivered at depot, free of charge. WM. P. MACOMBER, Bloomington, Illinois.

NEW ENTERPRISES.—Any desired information about PRICES OF ADVERTISING, and of PRINTING, furnished GRATIS.
GEO. BOWERYEM, Commission Agent, New York.

HUBBARD & NORTHROP,
Are now offering, at their
POPULAR SALES ROOM,
Nos. 69 & 71 Main St., Marble Buildings,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
A CHOICE AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
European and American Dress Goods,
Black and Fancy Dress Silks,
Broche and Woolen Long Shawls,
Broche and Woolen Square Shawls,
Bombazines, Alpacas and Paramettas,
French Merinos, (Best Assortment in Rochester,)
French and American Prints and Ginghams,
House Furnishing Goods, Woolen Blankets,
Lace and Muslin Drapery, (Yard or Set,)
Wrappers and Drawers, Ladies' and Gentlemen's,
White Goods, Embroideries, Hosiery, &c.
— ALSO —
Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings,
Tickings, Denims and Towelings,
AT LESS than the present New York prices.

Notwithstanding the general stagnation in almost every department of business during the last few months, it is with much satisfaction that we are able to record the fact that our efforts to maintain our former amount of business have been entirely successful, and in some departments the sales have increased over those of any previous year.

EVERY DEPARTMENT CONTAINS BARGAINS!

Which we should be happy to exhibit, confidently believing that they would be appreciated by the most economical purchaser. We are also extensive manufacturers of

LADIES' CLOTH GARMENTS.

Every desirable grade of Cloth and Beaver CLOAKS, of the most approved and Fashionable Styles, are now offered by us in great variety. We are also prepared to

MANUFACTURE GARMENTS TO ORDER,
AT A FEW HOURS' NOTICE.

For those who prefer selecting their own Cloths.
We have taken great pains to perfect arrangements appertaining to this popular branch of our business, and we are every month acquiring more and more popularity in the Manufacturing Department.
☞ OUR PRICES, ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.
HUBBARD & NORTHROP,
612 69 & 71 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.
THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published. ☞ RURAL Agents entitled to premiums, and who are offered a choice of books, can select from this list.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00	Hyde's Chinese Sugar Cane	25
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00	Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry	1 25
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75	Do. Elements of Ag. Chemistry and Geology	1 00
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25	Do. Catechism of Chemistry for Schools	25
Allen on the Grape	1 00	Langstroth on the Hive and Honey Bee	1 25
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Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25	Linsley's Morgan Horses	1 00
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Herbert to Horse-keepers	1 25	Do. on Sheep	75
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Do. do. cloth	50		
Hough's Farm Record	3 00		
Kidder's Guide to Apiarian Science	50		

☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

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THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST REGULATED
SHOE STORE
IN WESTERN NEW YORK.
A Full assortment of both
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CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
All kinds of Boots and Shoes
MADE TO ORDER,
And the work done promptly when promised.
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Parties buying goods at this Store can IN ALL CASES have
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NEW FIRM! LOW WAR PRICES!
A large and select assortment of Grape Vines, Currants, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Downing's Mulberry, &c., &c. NO CHARGE FOR PACKING.
Full Descriptive Catalogue and Trade List sent to all applicants. Address HEFFRON & BEST,
Sept. 21, 1861. (610-3teo) Utica, N. Y.

Rochester Light Carriage Factory,
No. 145 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
I have now rented a portion of the Carriage Factory formerly occupied by Elliott & Lodewick, where I will manufacture all kinds of light Carriages and Sleighs of the lightest and improved styles. Great attention will be paid to all kinds of repairing. I will make to order any kind of Carriage wood-work for any other establishment, and will sell to them lower than they can manufacture. J. HUGH McDONOUGH,
Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1861. 610-13teo

C A R P E T I N G S!
300 PIECES THIS DAY RECEIVED!
COMPRISING EVERY VARIETY the market affords. Prices varying from 1s. to 85 the yard — making the most EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT to be found in any house in this country, in *Styles, Colorings, Elegance of Design*, and PRICES.
We have spared no pains to make our Stock the MOST ATTRACTIVE ever offered in any one season, and we fully *anticipate a large trade*.
The time is passing when CARPETS *can be sold at the present prices*. ALL manufacturers have stopped their looms, and say they will not make another piece of goods until the *prices advance*.
Carpetings
Are made from IMPORTED WOOL, and the large demand for that kind of stock for Army cloth has *greatly increased the price*.
THE ABOVE FACTS should be borne in mind by all who are about to purchase any kind of a CARPET, and *at once make their selections*.
100 *PIECES FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,*
Just received, in all widths.
☞ STOVE RUGS IN OIL CLOTH. Also,
50 PIECES DRUGGETS,
In new and beautiful Colorings.
FELTINGS, DOOR MATS,
STAIR CARPETINGS, STAIR-RODS, &c.
In fact we have made extensive additions in *every department* of our Stock, and will be SOLD AT PRICES TO SUIT THE CLOSEST BUYERS. HOWE & ROGERS,
610-eotf Carpet Ware Rooms, 35 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

CANCER CURE.— DR. N. BABCOCK'S MEDICAL and SURGICAL OFFICE and great CANCER EMPORIUM, No. 392 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn. Cancers and Tumors of all descriptions removed without pain, and without the use of the knife. Dr. BABCOCK would inform all persons afflicted with Cancers or Tumors of any description, that by addressing a letter to him, they will be furnished with a circular of his mode of treatment, free of charge.
Dr. BABCOCK is the original Cancer Doctor of New England, and the only one who removes Cancers without pain. All others are but imitators, induced by his success to profess themselves Cancer Doctors. Plenty of references to those who have been cured can be seen at my office.
White Swellings, Hip Diseases, Birth Marks, Scrofulous and Malignant Ulcers, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Ulceration of the Bones, Tetter, Scald Head, and all Diseases of the Skin, permanently cured.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to.
DR. N. BABCOCK,
608-13t No. 392 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

CHESTER COUNTY PIGS.—The undersigned is now prepared to execute orders for the fall trade, for his stock of *pure* Chester County Pigs. These are selected with great care and chiefly from premium stock. Reference is made to purchasers of past seasons, in all sections of the Union. Price, $16 per pair not akin, boxed and delivered in Philadelphia; payment in advance.
PASCHALL MORRIS, Agricultural and Seed Warehouse,
637-tf 1,120 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.
Notice is Hereby Given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next; at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. HIRAM SMITH, Sheriff.
Dated, August 1st, 1861.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1, 1861.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:
SIR,—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:
A Secretary of State, in the place of David R. Floyd Jones.
A Comptroller, in the place of Robert Denniston.
An Attorney-General, in the place of Charles G. Myers.
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond.
A State Treasurer, in the place of Philip Dorsheimer.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Hiram Gardner, for full term.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Benjamin F. Bruce, who was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Samuel H. Barnes.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Josiah T. Everest.
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of George F. Comstock.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Henry Welles, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Senator, for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.
COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.
Three Members of Assembly.
A Sheriff, in the place of Hiram Smith.
A County Clerk, in the place of Dyer D. S. Brown.
A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Henry H. Babcock.
Two Justices of Sessions, in the places of Alpheus S. Clark and Daniel B. DeLand.
Three Coroners, in the place of Frederick Reichenback, Oscar F. Brown and James W. Craig.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. 606-td

AGENTS WANTED to SELL FRUIT TREES. We wish to employ a number of experienced and trustworthy men to sell trees, &c., from our Nurseries at liberal wages.
WHOLESALE DEALERS furnished with Nursery, Stock of all descriptions at the *lowest wholesale rates*.
HOOKER, FARLEY & CO.,
584tf Rochester Wholesale Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
WITH NEW
Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. beg to state that they have reduced the prices of their SEWING MACHINES, while they have added new and important improvements. The reduction is made in the hope that the Company will have no more legal expenses defending their patents.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
579-tf ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1¾ tons of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf.] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

GONE TO THE WAR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

My Charlie has gone to the war,
My Charlie so brave and tall;
He left his plow in the furrow
And flew at his country's call.
May God in safety keep him,
My precious boy—my all.

My heart is pining to see him,
I miss him every day;
My heart is weary with waiting,
And sick of the long delay.
But I know his country needs him,
And I could not bid him stay.

I remember how his face flushed
And how his color came,
When the flash from the guns of Sumter
Lit the whole land with flame,
And darkened our country's banner
With the crimson hue of shame.

"Mother," he said, then faltered—
I felt his mute appeal;
I paused—if you are a mother
You know what mothers feel,
When called to yield their dear ones
To the cruel bullet and steel.

My heart stood still for a moment,
Struck with a mighty woe;
A faint of death came o'er me—
I am a mother, you know—
But I sternly checked my weakness,
And firmly bade him "Go."

Wherever the fight is fiercest
I know that my boy will be;
Wherever the need is sorest
Of the stout arms of the free,
May he prove as true to his country
As he has been true to me!

My home is lonely without him,
My heart bereft of joy—
The thought of him who has left me
My constant sad employ;
But God has been good to the mother,
She shall not blush for her boy.

Boston Transcript.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THAT CHILD."

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

LIFE is a mystery, a mingling together of the known and the unknown, the real and the ideal, the beautiful, the terrible, and the stern—a wondrous melody wherein low rhythms of magic sweetness and delicate minor notes of thrilling pathos blend and alternate with the deep bass which is sometimes rough, sometimes jarring.

It gave our village such a shock when the rumor passed from lip to lip that Esq. JONES had failed—he, whom the school children said had "oceans of money," and whose name the humble folk regarded as the synonym of gold. Many of the poorer class had placed their hard earned dollars in his keeping, and among them was my father. True, the sum was small—only two hundred and fifty dollars—but it would nearly cancel the mortgage against our little home. My father had been a confirmed invalid for years. I remember his nights of suffering, so intense that it seemed the spirit must break free from the tenement that inclosed it. To these would succeed days of dreamy rest and quietude. Feeling that his time on earth was short, it had been his cherished hope to leave our place unencumbered.

ALICE and I were the only children, and all the family. When we were little girls mother went away to the Upper Homestead, whose walls are of jasper, garnished with all precious stones, and the foundations thereof are of gold like unto clear glass; and, reader, to these mansions, my father had long held a "title clear." Mother's portrait in the parlor served to retain her likeness in our memories, and in childhood I know we would sit and cry for hours on the sofa beneath it, because we should see her face no more. Dr. BROWN, our next door neighbor, used to say she was "one of the few women who was worth her weight in gold," and praise from him was always merited. She was not only good but beautiful, and ALICE was her counterpart. Sometimes when she would sit by father's bedside to talk or read to him, he would close his eyes, and, in delicious dreaming, forget but that the silvery tones belonged to her of the angel-land.

After our loss, father sank rapidly. He had never possessed that strong, obstacle-overcoming nature which belongs to manhood, and in general management and business tact he was deficient; but the virtues and graces that thrive best on other soil, and that may be transferred beyond the vail, adorned and glorified his character. His last hours were almost free from pain. The visions and the thoughts that swept over his soul must have been as marvellous to himself as to us. His anointed eyes beheld afar off the country he was so soon to enter, and the rich fragrance of his words so transformed the death room that each one present could say—"It is good for me that I am here,"—and there came upon him a spirit as of prophecy constraining him to its purpose. "SUSAN," said he to me, as we were alone, "the hopes you are cherishing will never be realized—but GOD will bring light out of darkness. What we know not now we shall know hereafter; trust Him in the stormiest hour. My poor, poor ALICE! Oh, beauty is a fearful dower,—smooth her passage to the tomb, SUSAN, as you have mine,—love and labor will brighten your after years."

An hour passed and my father was not, for GOD had taken him.

We were orphans, and but two. Life lay before us like a dim field enwrapped in twilight; the arras of the future had amid their foldings vague and uncertain figures, but GOD was our trust. First, we desired to pay up the mortgage against our place, and defray other expenses that had been necessarily incurred. ALICE was a fine scholar, and soon had a situation offered her in the village school, so that she could teach and board at home. We took boarders, and I did plain sewing and whatever else opportunity offered. Sometimes we were weary. It was hard bearing the heat and burden of life alone. After three years of toil the day dawned that saw our last debt canceled, and that night we knelt to our prayers with a gratitude and gladness that words failed to express. ALICE had been so occupied with teaching and home duties that she paid little heed to the claims of society,—but this could not hide her, and though she sought not the distinction, was an acknowledged beauty and belle. Many who did nothing but dress and dance, watched the gentle, care-burdened girl with jealous eyes. She was of queenly style, and in all her manners were a winning grace and high-born dignity. The aged loved her, and the children every morning filled their hands with sweetest flowers to put upon her table.

We still wore mourning. It had been our purpose to remove it the year before; but one morning in rosy June, when we were talking about summer dresses of soft, cheerful hues, a letter was handed me written by an unknown pen. It said that a new grave had been made in the far-off West, on the Pacific shore, and a young stranger slept therein to waken no more till the morning of the resurrection. Though a score of years has since gone by, deepening the imprints of care, and thought, and feeling, on my forehead, flecking my hair with silver, giving birth to other hopes and other joys; yet I still wear black, unless it be sometimes when I go out to socials or to the minister's for a tea-drinking, when PHILIP, "*that child,*" will say, "Come, Auntie, please wear your striped silk, and that pretty head dress, you look so young in them;" and to please the boy I put them on; though you may think, old woman and old maid as I am, that it is for the latter words instead.

With the reading of that letter came a darkness that no language can express. The rooms of my heart had not a ray of light only as the faint glimmerings of immortal hope strayed through them; yet I was willing to live few or many years in sorrow and alone, if thereby my mission might be fulfilled. ALICE at the time was twenty-two. For her, my noble, my beautiful sister, I thought that life had some bright crown—some precious gifts.

An artist from an eastern city had been in our village for months, and his visits at our home were becoming very frequent. PHILIP ELDRIDGE CORYDON was a man who stood high in his profession. Accustomed to the best circles of society, no wonder he could sway and fascinate with such resistless power in our midst. His language and manners were elegant; his character, so far as we saw or could judge, was bright and symmetrical; and when he turned from the flatteries and admirings of the rich, and knelt with his dower of gifts at the heart of ALICE, repeating in fervid tones the old scripture phrase—"*Lovest thou me?*" how could the spell-bound girl reply other than from the same text—"*Thou knowest that I love thee!*"—even though a shadow from the prophecy of the dying flitted before her.

During the tenth month of their acquaintance they were married. I looked upon my brother-in-law with great pride, but with a nameless, unspoken fear. After a tour of some weeks they returned—Mr. CORYDON renewing his professional duties, and ALICE, in his society and freedom from the arduous labors of the past, seemed supremely happy.

We were sitting in the parlor at twilight one evening, when BILLY WEBB, our little neighbor and errand boy, came in with Mr. CORYDON's mail. I noticed a startling expression of countenance as his eye rested for a moment upon one of the letters. ALICE did not observe it, for as he went torward the window to look over the superscriptions, she said, "wait a moment, ELDRIDGE, dear, till I light the lamps," and by the time she had returned, his manner was the same as usual. He could control himself wonderfully, and all through the evening was unusually talkative, jesting in playful badinage with ALICE, and in his arch way repeating graceful compliments and tender words. I knew there was a warfare in his soul,—that his mirth was counterfeited,—knew it as well as when the next day he said that he must leave on the afternoon train to meet an artist-friend in Boston, who had unexpectedly returned from Europe.

That was the last time we ever saw PHILIP CORYDON. ALICE received three letters from him afterward, which I read. He pleaded business engagements which were imperious, and making it necessary for him to be absent from the United States a year. His professions of love I knew were sincere. ALICE held a place in his heart that no other woman had ever occupied; but early sins had poisoned the well-spring of his life, and tangled the weaver's rich and silken web. "*How great a thing it is to be a man!*" My christian sister had been in the furnace of trial before, but now it was "seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated." I write the words with reverent joy, that she walked not alone; there was One beside her like in form unto the Son of GOD, and day by day her purified spirit reflected his likeness more perfectly.

September had come; the summer grasses and leafy frillings upon the boughs told unmistakably that thoughts of death were in her heart; the red and golden skies had a cheating brilliancy; her winds were the plaintive, solemn chants she had breathed at the summer's burial. ALICE lay in a darkened chamber; her cheeks whiter than the pillow they pressed, and her eyes lustrous and tearless like the eyes of the dying. I stood by the bed-side with her hands in mine. She had looked outward over the wide and boundless fields of eternity, backward upon the narrow limits of time, and turning her gaze to the fair, beautiful babe beside her, exclaimed, "I must go,—SUSAN, that child!—*that child!*" Another movement and she had joined the white-winged throng.

It was after the burial. The orphan babe was sleeping, wrapped in the delicate garments upon which his mother had wrought through the long summer hours. To me had been delegated the responsibility of directing a human life. I knelt and prayed as did SOLOMON, "Great GOD, give wisdom!" It was granted; through the succeeding years, my great love for the boy did not hinder the administering of reproof and discipline, though often given amid tears.

Very proud was I when he lisped his first word, "Auntie," which I had been for weeks teaching him, as was I all through his childhood from hearing the commendations he would receive at school and Sabbath school.

PHILIP ELDRIDGE, (the name his mother called him by,) was very unlike other children of his age. Sometimes I thought him a marvel of maturity and precocity. His esthetic nature developed finely, and though he was passionately fond of the paintings and portraits his father had executed, yet he was very far from becoming an artist. His soul had other and higher riches; the voices that called to him were from men of mighty purposes—men upon mountain heights, who sway into paths of their own marking the multitude beneath them.

I remember one day when PHILIP was in his thirteenth summer, as I sat in the dining room, about to look over some plums for preserving, which the Doctor's wife had sent me, he laid his head in my lap, saying, "Now, Auntie, please magnetise me, my temples throb so hard." As I brushed back the dry curls from his forehead, he told me that all through the night he could hardly sleep for the bright hopes and visions that thronged about him. He repeated them, and it gave my heart a new unrest. Partly to conceal this, I said, "Come, PHIL., you must get up; we're to have company this afternoon and I must make my preserves, tidy up the parlor, and you must finish weeding the strawberry bed." "O, Auntie, let's talk a little first—I've a question to ask," he pleaded. "Well, what is it my love?" and fixing his large eyes on my face, he said in calm, measured tones, "Auntie, do you suppose I can ever go through college? CHATTERTON's favorite expression was, that 'GOD has sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they choose to be at the trouble;' are the words true?" "CHATTERTON, my darling, is not a safe pattern,—he deified intellect; he owned not the power of grace over the heart, and never confided in GOD's love and wisdom. Had it been otherwise, the marvelous boy might have become the perfect man, and instead of dying of sorrow and madness at nineteen, history would have written him the happy poet and the christian philosopher."

"Auntie, what would have pleased my mother best?" said PHILIP, after a little pause.

"That you should become a good man."

"And my father?"

"The same," I added, though with some hesitation. Then I told him more of his parents than he had before known,—of my own family,—of the grave beside the Pacific waters,—designing to teach him thereby that all things earthly are unsatisfying and insecure,—that only the hopes anchoring within the vail are worth the tireless pursuit of our lives.

ALICE, his mother, was very fond of literature. Often when I was busied with making or mending, she would read to me from the histories and thoughts of the gifted, and I had observed this,—that men and women of genius reach by paths of wondrous suffering the heights from which we view them,—that their sorrows outnumber and outweigh their joys,—that their heart-throbs are oftener born of grief than gladness. Yet, I dared not dissuade the boy—dared not think to allay the fever-thirst upon his soul with other than wisdom's waters. An hour passed and we quitted our conversation.

During the three succeeding years PHIL. received a good deal of encouragement and assistance from GEORGE WILTON, our minister's son. He was a young man of fine talents, and had characteristics that would distinguish him in any circle—that would elevate and sustain him in high positions. Added to these was a mastering ambition,—a will-power that would subjugate every hindrance in an upward path. The breathings of his spirit upon PHILIP's were a mighty influence. New hopes were born in the boy's soul, whose pinions were strong and tireless; beating through the bars of present circumstances, they would flit away on and on into a future as grand as the pencil of youthful prophecy could portray. "O, Auntie," he would sometimes say, "I shall one day go out and take part in the great life beyond our little village."

It was the day GEORGE WILTON was to graduate. A good many of our acquaintances were going down to the city to attend Commencement, for GEORGE was a great favorite with all his father's people. The minister invited PHIL. and me to join their company, which we did.

Corinthian Hall was crowded to overflowing. In the throng sat men whose lives were crowned and clustered with the noblest fruitage,—men of middle age, who had turned away from the din of life to sit for a while in the windows of their lives which looked to the eastward. There were women of beauty and goodness, merry and blithesome maidens and graceful girls, fair as lilies that float upon the bosoms of sunny lakes. The orations were remarkable, but that of GEORGE was conceded to be the most finished and scholarly of all; it had greater grasp and intensity of thought; its figures were rich and luxuriant as the flowers of the tropics. As he retired, a murmur of applause ran through the crowd, and the venerable President bowed to our minister, who sat near him, with a look of commendation that spoke more than any words could do.

In due time PHIL. went to college. He had finished his studies as a Sophomore, and was home for vacation. By selling three of his father's paintings and making a few other efforts, his expenses had thus far been defrayed. But my health began to fail, and PHIL., with unspoken pain in his heart, feared that he should not be able to return to his studies at the opening of the Junior year.

I had been out in the country twenty miles and spent two weeks with an old friend, hoping for some benefit from the change. PHIL. met me at the depot, and as soon as we were alone he said, "Auntie, you'll not believe me, but *I saw my father yesterday!*" I hardly knew whether I was in the body or not, as PHIL. told me that the day before, while he was at his mother's grave trimming up the box that borders it, a tall stranger, with a foreign air, came there from the cars, and kneeling upon the mound, sobbed and wept like a broken-hearted girl. He left on the next train, after placing in PHIL.'s hands two hundred dollars, and telling him that ere long he would hear from him again. Six months afterward he received a paper with the intelligence of his father's death, together with a check for a thousand dollars, and some small articles of value and personal interest.

Well, the time came when PHILIP was to graduate, and I again went to the city. Three years afterward he stood up in the pulpit of our church, and by the laying on of hands was set apart and ordained by men to be a teacher of righteousness. I remember his first sermon, and may GOD forgive me if on that day there was in my heart more of pride than piety.

It is again September, and Autumn is writing her glowing rhetoric on leaf and sky. Twenty-two years to-day since ALICE died! I shall be forty seven next month. How time flies!

Next Thursday there is to be a wedding at the minister's. SUSAN, their only daughter, and PHILIP are to join hands and repeat that beautiful word—*forever!* GEORGE WILTON, the distinguished lawyer, will be there with his dark-eyed JULIA and three year old CHARLIE. In four weeks our beloved pastor, who for twenty years has broken the bread of life unto us, will leave for Europe to be gone a year, and PHILIP, I almost tremble for the boy, is to take his place and occupy his pulpit. But GOD will take care of those whose trust is in Him.

◆

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

"I'VE done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself.

"And so have I." Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself.

"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that triumph will be on his side, "and see which has done the best day's work."

"You, of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."

"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give the first experience."

"Very well." And, full of his subject, Mr. Barlow began:

"You remember the debt of Warfield, about which I spoke a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another creditor of Warfield will get a third of his claim.

"The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I consider quite as good. About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie county, for debt, at a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I should never see him again, I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant, for cash. He thinks he has a bargain; and perhaps he has; but I would have let them go at any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought the sale a desirable one.

"Now, there is my good day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments, and then said:

"Let us hear of the yards of stitching, and the piles of good things made—"

"No—nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow, with a slight vail of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Word-keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your own estimation, for you said so. Go on. I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraidings, that I would, for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial-day. Shall I go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away.

"Yes, dear Jenny, go on." The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought—cross, as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone of my voice that was not a loving tone. Dear little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found just behind one of his ears a small, inflamed boil. It has made him slightly feverish and worrysome all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!

"After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her bad humors. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but, recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her wilfulness with patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me, and started for school with a cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward.

"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pairs of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket-handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignant words to mine. Patience! patience! whispered a small, still voice. I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face, until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion.

"'You must have forgotten yourself,' said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once; confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproof, and she went back to the kitchen, something wiser, I think, than when I summoned her. The washing I required has been done, and well done; and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service, for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed.

"Other trials I have had through the day. Some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he bent forward, suddenly, and kissed her, saying as he did so:

"Mine was work, yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jenny, dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angel-robes. Loving monitor! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a two-fold blessing!"

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 8, 14, 13, 9 is a sea in Independent Tartary.
My 9, 12, 11, 19 is a river in the Russian Empire.
My 9, 10, 19, 11, 16, 5 is a city in Africa.
My 8, 17, 11, 6 is a river in Italy.
My 7, 3, 18 is a river in Scotland.
My 15, 4, 18, 17 is a branch of the Elba river.
My 1, 19, 17, 11 is a branch of the Garonne river.
My 2, 6, 14 is a mountain in Arabia.
My 20, 3, 17, 14, 10, 17 is a mountain in the Antarctic regions.
My whole is a true saying.
Eagle, N. Y., 1861. LIDDIE.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

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CHARADE.

MY *first*, in kitchen, parlor, hall,
Is faithful aye to duty;
Yet ever in the view of all
Has far more use than beauty.

Yet judge not rashly, nor contemn
My name, my birth, or glory;
A noble peer of England's realm
I'm proudly known in story.

My *second*, in enforcing laws
For *little* rogues, is clever,
While *old* rogues cut their creditors,
And then cut me forever.

Poor hen-pecked husbands rue my *whole*,
When testy dames grow sour;
Not Xantippe's tongue, nor Caudle's soul,
Has half my dreaded power.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

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For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is a plant.
My second is an exclamation.
My third is a consonant.
My fourth is a pronoun.
My fifth is a measure.
My sixth expresses assent.
My seventh is a verb.
My whole is familiar.
Glendale, Ohio, 1861. J. M. C.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

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ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 612.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

Answer to Bouquet of Flowers:—1st, Mar-i-gold; 2d, Crane-bill; 3d, Eye-bright; 4th, Flower-of-an-hour; 5th, Indian-turnip; 6th, Lark-spur; 7th, Four-o'-clock; 8th, Fox-glove; 9th, Pride-of-Ohio; 10th, Rose-Mary.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—1½ rods wide.

Answer to Charade:—*Cri-no-line (crinoline.)*

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The Rural, on Trial, at only Half Price!

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The Publisher to the Public.

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